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From Professor J. S. Hart, Principal of Philadelphia Central High School, author of an English Grammar, Class-Books of Prose and Poetry, an Exposition of the Constitution of the United States, &c.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15th, 1847.

GENTLEMEN.—I have examined with unusual satisfaction the First Book and Class-Book of Etymology, by Mr. James Lynd. These books, both in their plan and execution, give evidence of having been prepared by one practically acquainted with the difficulties of the subject and able successfully to meet them. I have long considered the study as one of primary importance, and I am free to say that I think Mr. Lynd's work the greatest advance that has yet been made towards a practical and efficient method of teaching it. The conviction has been for some time gaining ground, that the study of the analysis of words into their elements, of the meaning of these elements and the method of combining them—in other words, the study of Etymology is essential, especially to the mere English Scholar, to a proper and intelligent comprehension of the language. These exercises, also, like all rational exercises connected with the study of language, have been found to be one of the most efficient means of disciplining the youthful mind. But hitherto serious difficulties have been experienced from the want of Text-Books precisely adapted to the necessities of English scholars; and many teachers have omitted what they believed to be an important branch of primary instruction, because no method of teaching it had been presented that seemed sufficiently practical. Mr. Lynd's books I think will go far to remove this difficulty. They are evidently prepared with care, with reference to the wants of scholars rather than the display of erudition; and on a plan that can hardly fail to commend itself at sight to the experienced teacher.

To Messrs. E. C. & J. BIDDLE.

JOHN S. HART.

From Professor C. D. Cleveland, author of "Latin Lessons," "Latin Grammar," &c.

GENTLEMEN.—In republishing "Oswald's Etymological Dictionary," enriched as it is by the sensible and well-written "Introduction" of Dr. Keagy, you have done a real service to the cause of sound education. It is the best work of the kind (designed for schools) that I have yet seen, and it must have an extensive circulation. For in every well-regulated school, taught by competent masters, Etymology will form a prominent branch of study as long as there is an inseparable connection between clearness of thought and a correct use of language.

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Yours respectfully,

C. D. CLEVELAND.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847.

C. F. HOFFMAN, EDITOR.

Reviews.

The True Story of My Life: a Sketch of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

IRON-SHOE as the whole world is likely to be in its length and breadth by steamer and railroad, there will not long be left a single nook or corner in which heathenism and barbarism may hide themselves, to at length be poured upon astonished civilized nations. No northern "hive" is likely again to swarm into the flowery south, spreading blackness and desolation—infusing, likewise, new and needed elements. The world is a great mix-up—a grand conglomerate, in which gem and pebble, the northern granite and southern marble, are all reduced to one homogeneous paste. Changes have been and are going onward. The times have passed when the flinty pike of Gothic warrior should pierce the polished armor of Roman patrician: the stout chieftain no longer emerges from wooden palace to sleep in "marble halls," but still the vicissitudes go on. The elements of national change are carried onward, but with a difference. It is Thought now that leads the van. The descendants of Odin still press to the south; not with spear and buckler, but with minstrel song, legendary tale, and the statuary of demi-gods. Tegnér, Bremer, Andersen, Ole Bull, and Thorwaldsen, have ceased to be national and become universal property. Without depth of imagination, with little of passion, but great singleness, truthfulness, and freshness of portraiture, for they are not creative (we speak of literature), they are infusing the elements so much needed—the primitive, the savage—into minds hackneyed by civilization, and compressed by conventionalism.

Of the book before us, "The True Story of My Life," one has no heart to speak severely. The very man, Hans Christian Andersen, is in it, with all his generosity, piety, child-like simplicity, freshness, and we know not what that is lovable, so that when we would smile at puerility, or weary at limitedness, we suppress both as wrong to one of the purest and most sensitive natures which God ever suffered to be wounded by a hard world. Our critical pen slips aside, and we take the book, into heart and favor, as cordially as we would the true-hearted writer himself, were he at our elbow. Autobiographies are so much the vogue now, that a man wishing to be remembered would do well to begin a memoranda of himself from early nurserydom down "to this present," wherein all the mental machinery shall be fully exposed in its process of grinding out an epic poem, a cotton-gin, steam-balloon, or a pair of shoes, just as the "theme may gang." Andersen's "Story" has so little pretension, is interspersed with so much of anecdote, and frank confession, exposing a heart so full of goodness and purity, that we read on as though it were indeed a story, not the experience of a life. There is no romance of high-wrought sentiment, no great events,—and yet, the results by which an ignorant son of a poor, neglected, irritable shoemaker and his wife, she once a little street beggar, earnest and pious withal; this son, becoming the companion of the gifted and the learned throughout Europe, sitting at the tables of princes and kings, and finding himself translated into many tongues, is almost equal to the tales of the wildest romance.

All this has Andersen accomplished, yet certainly without the highest gifts of Genius. He must have made his way by his thoroughly human, loving, and true heart, entirely exempt from envy or jealousy, or any of those morbid shades which so often retard the progress of Genius. Hear him sing, as it were, the blessings of existence:

"The story of my life, up to the present hour, lies unrolled before me, so rich and beautiful that I could not have invented it. I feel that I am a child of good fortune; almost every one meets me full of love and candor, and seldom has my confidence in human nature been deceived. From the prince to the poorest peasant I have felt the noble human heart beat. It is a joy to live and to believe in God and man. Openly and full of confidence, as if I sat among dear friends, I have here related the story of my life, have spoken both of my sorrows and joys, and have expressed my pleasure at each mark of applause and recognition, as I believe I might even express it before God himself. But, then, whether this may be vanity, I know not: my heart was affected and humble at the same time, my thought was gratitude to God. That I have related it is not alone because such a biographical sketch as this was desired from me for the collected edition of my works, but because, as has been already said, the history of my life will be the best commentary to all my works."

The early part of his life seems barren and hopeless enough, in all except the devotion of two friendly endeared hearts:

"In the year 1805 there lived here, in a small mean room, a young married couple, who were extremely attached to each other: he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-one years old, a man of a richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench, and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne only a short time before the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the wood work kept the fact still in remembrance.

"Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax-lights, here lay, on the second of April, 1805, a living and weeping child,—that was myself, Hans Christian Andersen. During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. 'Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?' it is reported that my father asked in joke; but I still cried on; and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, 'The young one screams like a cat!' which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant, Gomar, who stood as godfather, consoled her in the mean time by saying that the louder I cried as a child, all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older.

"Our little room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed, and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between and the neighbor's house, there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, and where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the Snow Queen that garden still blooms.

"I was the only child, and was extremely spoiled, but I continually heard from my mother how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like a nobleman's child. She, as a child, had been driven

out by her parents to beg, and once when she was not able to do it, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge, and wept."

These northern regions are peculiarly the nurseries of the imagination, with little of action, little to dissipate the intensities of fancy, the inhabitants living secluded, thus denied the lively play of mind upon mind, either sink into an indolent and gloomy superstition, or indulge in solitary musings in the highest degree favorable to poetic production. Andersen seems from the first to have been singularly sensitive, too keenly alive to the opinions of others, dreamy, affectionate, and slow in the development of thought and character, as is to be expected from the latitude in which he was reared. After being familiar with the spiritual earnestness of Schelling, through which glares forth a half-morbid sentimental selfishness, and with the Johnsonian egotism of Goethe, who describes his contemporaries like a Jove upon Olympus, pointing out horizontal lights only, the unselfishness, the unegotisticness (we use awkward words) of Andersen present a strong contrast to the mind of the reader. We deal gently with what the world called his "vanity," and would substitute the word "appealingness." Surely, a quality so amiable, which caused him so much to distrust himself, and so confidently to appeal to others, is entitled to a less severe appellative, most especially when combined with the highest moral endowments. Andersen felt that, in writing, he but uttered the stirrings of his own heart: he was what he wrote, and consequently he could not be sure as to its reception to other minds. Had it been otherwise—had his mind been more "objective" in its character—a prouder self-reliance might have been superinduced, by which means he would have been better able to apply the rules of Art; but his was a different mind, and we must meet its elements as they existed, not as they might have been compounded. In the following extract it will be seen how the solitary musings of the boy first assumed shape, and the impulses of poetry became defined in his nature:

"After my father's death I was entirely left to myself. My mother went out washing. I sat alone at home with my little theatre, made dolls' clothes and read plays. It has been told me that I was always clean and nicely dressed. I had grown tall; my hair was long, bright, and almost yellow, and I always went bare-headed. There dwelt in our neighborhood the widow of a clergyman, Madame Bunkeflod, with the sister of her deceased husband. This lady opened to me her door, and hers was the first house belonging to the educated class into which I was kindly received. The deceased clergyman had written poems, and had gained a reputation in Danish literature. His spinning songs were at that time in the mouths of the people. In my vignettes to the Danish poets I thus sang of him whom my contemporaries had forgotten:—

'Spindles rattle, wheels turn round,
Spinning songs depart;
Songs which you'h sings soon become
Music of the heart.'

"Here it was that I heard for the first time the word *poet* spoken, and that with so much reverence, as proved it to be something sacred. It is true that my father had read Holberg's play to me; but here it was not of these that they spoke, but of verses and poetry. 'My brother the poet,' said Bunkeflod's sister, and her eyes sparkled as she said it. From her I learned that it was a something glorious, a something fortunate, to be a poet. Here, too, for the first time, I read Shakspeare, in a bad translation, to be sure; but the bold descriptions, the heroic incidents, witches, and ghosts, were exactly to my taste."

This mother first determined to send him to a manufactory, and then to apprentice him to a tailor's; but young Andersen so revolted at the first trial of these accomplishments, that she was at length obliged to abandon such intention, and yield to his entreaties to go to Copenhagen. He is now a tall, somewhat awkward boy of fourteen, affluent only in hope and aspiration. He at length makes his way to a Madame Schnell, a celebrated dancer of the period, and presents his letter of introduction, obtained from the printer of Odessa:

"At length I was admitted to the dancer; she looked at me in great amazement, and then heard what I had to say. She had not the slightest knowledge of him from whom the letter came, and my whole appearance and behavior seemed very strange to her. I confessed to her my heartfelt inclination for the theatre; and upon her asking me what characters I thought I could represent, I replied, Cinderella. This piece had been performed in Odense by the royal company, and the principal characters had so greatly taken my fancy, that I could play the part perfectly from memory. In the meantime I asked her permission to take off my boots, otherwise I was not light enough for this character; and then taking up my broad hat for a tambourine, I began to dance and sing,—

"Here, below, nor rank nor riches
Are exempt from pain and woe."

"My strange gestures and my great activity caused the lady to think me out of my mind, and she lost no time in getting rid of me.

"From her I went to the manager of the theatre, to ask for an engagement. He looked at me, and said that I was 'too thin for the theatre.'"

"Oh," replied I, "if you will only engage me with one hundred rix dollars banco salary, then I shall soon get fat!" The manager bade me gravely go my way, adding that they only engaged people of education.

"I stood there deeply wounded. I knew no one in all Copenhagen who could give me either counsel or consolation. I thought of death as being the only thing, and the best thing for me; but even then my thoughts rose upwards to God, and with all the undoubting confidence of a child in his father, they riveted themselves upon Him. I wept bitterly, and then I said to myself, 'When anything happens really miserably, then he sends help. I have always read so. People must first of all suffer a great deal before they can bring anything to accomplishment.'"

This is the spirit which carried Andersen through every vicissitude of life. In grief or in joy he has that never-failing resource of a pure heart, prayer. At length he finds a friend and protector in "Councillor Collin," by whose influence he obtains the means of instruction, and eventually a pension from Frederick the Sixth. Life brightens before him—his talents are recognised, appreciated, and he visits the principal cities of the world, renowned by Art and Luxury. Here we must extract the only love episode which as yet seems to have disturbed the heart-current of Andersen; but the character of the man is too appealingly open for him to brood over what can terminate only in despair. We cannot but admire the fine, generous, healthy development, unaltered although it be to the deeper mysteries of stronger lives:

"This was the first foreign scenery which I had ever seen, and the impression, therefore, which it made upon me was very strong. In the cities, where my 'Journey on Foot' and my comic poems were known, I met with a good reception. Funen revealed her rural life to me; and, not far from my birth-place of Odense, I passed several weeks at the country seat of the elder Iversen as a welcome guest. Poems

sprung forth upon paper, but of the comic fewer and fewer. Sentiment, which I had so often derided, would now be avenged. I arrived, in the course of my journey, at the house of a rich family in a small city; and here suddenly a new world opened before me, an immense world, which yet could be contained in four lines, which I wrote at that time:—

"A pair of dark eyes fixed my sight,
They were my world, my home, my delight.
The soul beamed in them, and childlike peace,
And never on earth will their memory cease."

"New places of life occupied me. I would give up writing poetry,—to what could it lead? I would study theology, and become a preacher; I had only one thought, and that was *she*. But it was self-delusion; she loved another; she married him. It was not till several years later that I felt and acknowledged that it was best, both for her and for myself, that things had fallen out as they were. She had no idea, perhaps, how deep my feeling for her had been, or what an influence it produced in me. She had become the excellent wife of a good man, and a happy mother. God's blessing upon her."

The most painful passages of the book—indeed, the only painful ones we meet—are the following, which show how the callous and unappreciating are liable to wound those cursed with too tender sensibilities to the shafts of others. Treatment like this embittered the egotistic Byron, and sent the delicate Keats where, as he said, in anticipation of his fate, "I feel now the daisies growing over me."

"I betrayed more and more in my writings an unhealthy turn of mind. I felt an inclination to seek for the melancholy in life, and to linger on the dark side of things. I became sensitive, and thought rather of the blame than the praise which was lavished on me. My late school education, which was forced, and my impulse to become an author whilst I was yet a student, make it evident that my first work, the 'Journey on Foot,' was not without grammatical errors. Had I only paid some one to correct the press, which was a work I was unaccustomed to, then no charge of this kind could have been brought against me. Now, on the contrary, people laughed at these errors, and dwelt upon them, passing over carelessly that in the book which had merit. I know people who only read my poems to find out errors; they noted down, for instance, how often I used the word *beautiful*, or some similar word. A gentleman, now a clergyman, at that time a writer of vaudevilles and a critic, was not ashamed, in a company where I was, to go through several of my poems in this style; so that a little girl of six years old, who heard with amazement that he discovered everything to be wrong, took the book, and pointing out the conjunction *and*, said, 'There is yet a little word about which you have not scolded.' He felt what a reproof lay in the remark of the child; he looked ashamed, and kissed the little one. All this wounded me; but I had, since my school-days, become somewhat timid, and that caused me to take it all quietly: I was morbidly sensitive, and I was good-natured to a fault. Everybody knew it, and some were on that account almost cruel to me. Everybody wished to teach me; almost everybody said that I was spoiled by praise, and, therefore, they would speak the truth to me. Thus I heard continually of my faults, the real and the ideal weaknesses. In the meantime, however, my feelings burst forth; and then I said that I would become a poet whom they should see honored. But this was regarded only as the crowning mark of the most unbearable vanity; and from house to house it was repeated. I was a good man, they said, but one of the vainest in existence; and in that very time I was often ready wholly to despair of my abilities, and had, as in the darkest days of my school-life, a feeling, as if my whole talents were a self-deception. I almost believed so; but it was more than I could bear, to hear the

same thing said, sternly and jeeringly, by others; and if I then uttered a proud, an inconsiderate word, it was addressed to the scourge with which I was smitten; and when those who smite are those we love, then do the scourges become scorpions."

The following is a description of his first meeting with Frederika Bremer. They are on a voyage to Stockholm:

"Evening came on, and about midnight we were on the great Wener lake. At sunrise I wished to have a view of this extensive lake, the shores of which could scarcely be seen; and for this purpose I left the cabin. At the very moment that I did so, another passenger was also doing the same, a lady neither young nor old, wrapped in a shawl and cloak. I thought to myself, if Miss Bremer is on board, this must be she, and fell into discourse with her; she replied politely, but still distantly, nor would she directly answer my question, whether she was the authoress of the celebrated novels. She asked after my name; was acquainted with it; but confessed that she had read none of my works. She then inquired whether I had not some of them with me, and I lent her a copy of the 'Improvisatore,' which I had destined for Baskow. She vanished immediately with the volumes, and was not again visible all morning.

"When I again saw her, her countenance was beaming, and she was full of cordiality; she pressed my hand, and said that she had read the greater part of the first volume, and that she now knew me."

"Miss Bremer related many legends and many histories, which were connected with this or that island, or those farm-premises up aloft on the mainland.

"In Stockholm, the acquaintance with her increased, and year after year the letters which have passed between us have strengthened it. She is a noble woman; the great truths of religion, and the poetry which lies in the quiet circumstances of life, have penetrated her being."

The following incident in regard to Thorwaldsen is interesting, as exhibiting the shrinking character of Andersen, and the honors bestowed upon the great artist by his countrymen:

"Thorwaldsen, whom, as I have already said, I had become acquainted with in Rome in the years 1833 and 1834, was expected in Denmark in the autumn of 1838, and great festive preparations were made in consequence. A flag was to wave upon one of the towers of Copenhagen as soon as the vessel which brought him should come in sight. It was a national festival. Boats decorated with flowers and flags filled the Rhede; painters, sculptors, all had their flags with emblems; the students bore a Minerva, the poets a Pegasus. It was misty weather, and the ship was first seen when it was already close by the city, and all poured out to meet him. The poets, who, I believe, according to the arrangement of Heiberg, had been invited, stood by their boat; Oehlenschläger and Heiberg alone had not arrived. And now guns were fired from the ship, which came to anchor, and it was to be feared that Thorwaldsen might land before we had gone out to meet him. The wind bore the voice of singing over to us: the festive reception had already begun.

"I wished to see him, and therefore cried out to the others, 'Let us pull off!'"

"Without Oehlenschläger and Heiberg?" asked some one.

"But they are not arrived, and it will be all over."

"One of the poets declared that if these two men were not with us, I should not sail under that flag, and pointed up to Pegasus."

"We will throw it in the boat," said I, and took it down from the staff; the others now followed me, and came up just as Thorwaldsen reached the land. We met with Oehlenschläger and Heiberg in another boat, and they came over to us as the enthusiasm began on shore.

"The people drew Thorwaldsen's carriage through the streets to his house, where everybody who had the slightest acquaintance with him, or with the friends of a friend of his, thronged around him. In the evening the artists gave him a serenade, and the blaze of the torches illumined the garden under the large trees, there was an exultation and joy which really and truly was felt. Young and old hastened through the open doors, and the joyful old man clasped those whom he knew to his breast, gave them his kiss, and pressed their hands. There was a glory round Thorwaldsen which kept me timidly back: my heart beat for joy of seeing him who had met me when abroad with kindness and consolation, who had pressed me to his heart, and had said that we must always remain friends. But here in this jubilant crowd, where thousands noticed every movement of his, where I too by all these should be observed and criticised—yes, criticised as a vain man who now only wished to show that he too was acquainted with Thorwaldsen, and that this great man was kind and friendly towards him—here, in this dense crowd, I drew myself back, and avoided being recognised by him. Some days afterwards, and early in the morning, I went to call upon him, and found him as a friend who had wondered at not having seen me earlier."

His description of the many distinguished persons whose society he shared, are full of vivacity, and constitute one of the great attractions of the work:

"I generally found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after mid-day: here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said, 'Sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.' He wrote on: spoke aloud; shouted a *viva!* sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is finished!'

"One evening he conducted me round into the various theatres, that I might see the life behind the scenes. We wandered about, arm in arm, along the gay Boulevard.

"I also have to thank him for my acquaintance with Rachel. I had not seen her act, when Alexander Dumas asked me whether I had the desire to make her acquaintance. One evening, when she was to come out as Phedra he led me to the stage of the Théâtre Français. The representation had begun, and behind the scenes, where a folding screen had formed a sort of room, in which stood a table with refreshments, and a few ottomans, sat the young girl who, as an author has said, understands how to chisel living statues out of Racine's and Corneille's blocks of marble. She was thin and slenderly formed, and looked very young. She looked to me there, and more particularly so afterwards in her own house, as an image of mourning; as a young girl who has just wept out her sorrow, and will now let her thoughts repose in quiet. She accosted us kindly in a deep powerful voice. In the course of conversation with Dumas, she forgot me. I stood there quite superfluous. Dumas observed it, said something handsome of me, and on that I ventured to take part in the discourse, although I had a depressing feeling that I stood before those who perhaps spoke the most beautiful French in all France. I said that I truly had seen much that was glorious and interesting, but that I had never yet seen a Rachel, and that on her account especially had I devoted the profits of my last work to a journey to Paris; and as, in conclusion, I added an apology on account of my French, she smiled, and said, 'When you say anything so polite as that which you have just said to me, to a Frenchwoman, she will always think that you speak well.'

"When I told her that her fame had resounded to the North, she declared that it was her intention to go to Petersburg and Copenhagen: 'and when I come to your city,' she said, 'you must be my defender, as you are the only one

there whom I know; and in order that we may become acquainted, and as you say, you are come to Paris especially on my account, we must see each other frequently. You will be welcome to me. I see my friends at my house every Thursday. But duty calls,' said she, and offering us her hand, she nodded kindly, and then stood a few paces from us on the stage, taller, quite different, and with the expression of the tragic muse herself. Joyous acclamations ascended to where we sat."

Speaking of Jenny Lind:

"'There will not in a whole century,' said Mendelssohn, speaking to me of Jenny Lind, 'be born another being so gifted as she'; and his words expressed my full conviction; one feels as she makes her appearance on the stage, that she is a pure vessel, from which a holy draught will be presented to us.

"There is not anything which can lessen the impression which Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage makes, except her own personal character at home. An intelligent and child-like disposition exercises here its astonishing power; she is happy; belonging, as it were, no longer to the world, a peaceful, quiet home, is the object of her thoughts—and yet she loves art with her whole soul, and feels her vocation in it. A noble, pious disposition like hers cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her late residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was, to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents by whom they were misused, and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support, nevertheless the means for this excellent purpose were small.

"'But have I not still a disengaged evening?' said she; 'let me give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!'

"Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds; when she was informed of this, and that by this means, a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

"'It is however beautiful,' said she, 'that I can sing so!'

"I value her with the whole feeling of a brother, and I regard myself as happy that I know and understand such a spirit. God give to her that peace, that quiet happiness which she wishes for herself!

"Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have had a better or a more ennobling influence on me as the poet than Jenny Lind, and I therefore have spoken of her so long and so warmly here."

We must forbear further extract from this chatty and most pleasing work. It is a record of impulse, of feeling, rather than thought; and few extracts of mere sentiment, or gems of thought, can be made. The following is exquisitely beautiful, and reminds one of Longfellow's lines to the River Charles:

"Thou hast been a bounteous giver,
I can give thee but a song."

"A Poet is like the bird: he gives what he has, and he gives a song."

Fresh Gleanings; or, a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik. Marvel. Harper & Brothers.

A FRESH work from an American pen always commends itself to our interest, at least till we have dipped with some attention into its

pages. Few will turn thus the fair pages of these handsomely printed volumes, without being delighted to keep the author's company till his apostrophe to "Mary," in the last paragraph: for, unless it be Saunders's "American in Paris," we can recall no work of European travel, either English or American, that surpasses these *Fresh Gleanings* in spirit and cleverness. We have already quoted a lively extract upon the Cafés of Paris; and the following description of some valetudinarian weeks spent in the Island of Jersey, will give our readers some idea of the writer's grace and vivacity of style while picturing a region of which we hear so little:—

"LA SOLITUDE.—It was the name of the little cottage where I lived when at Jersey,—La Solitude. Monsieur de Grouchy could not have chosen a better, if he had hunted through the whole vocabulary of names; you turned off down a little by-way from the high road to St. Saviour's to reach it. The very first time I swung open the green gate that opens on the by-way and brushed through the laurel bushes, and read the name modestly written over the door, and under the arbor that was flaunting in the dead of winter with rich green ivy leaves,—my heart yearned towards it as towards a home.

"There were no round, chubby, bright-eyed faces looking out of the windows under the roof—not one, for my landlord and landlady were childless. It was, indeed, La Solitude. The noise from the road turned into a pleasant murmur before it reached the cottage, for it had to pass over the high wall of my neighbor's garden, and over his beds of cauliflowers, and his broad alleys trimmed with box.

"—Let us step up a moment into the little parlor upon the first floor; it would not be high enough to rank as *entre sol* in the atmosphere of St. Denis;—it matters not one straw, for I do so dearly love to wander in fancy over those humble wayside nooks in Europe, which I had learned to call, for ever so short a time,—my home, that I shall be eternally interrupting my story, to peep at them again and again.

"The curtains are of dark-colored chintz, and there is a most capacious old-fashioned sofa, that is covered with the same; the ceiling is low, but you need not stoop—for my landlady is none of the shortest, and on fête days she wears stupendous head-gear. The grate is English, and is glowing in good English fashion;—a cozy arm-chair stands by the corner, and a round, heavy table in front; and if it be four by the clock over the mantle, the table is covered with a snow-white cloth, and it is smoking and smelling savory with dinner; on one corner a tall bottle of Medoc is standing sentinel, and over opposite—as a sort of reserve guard—more for appearances, than actual service—is a pot-bellied little decanter of Sherry. Under the window,—though you can scarce get your head out for the trailing vines, is the green by-lane. Further down it, looking to the left,—is another cottage; but you cannot see it—the trees are so thick; I never saw one of its inmates; but sometimes, just at dusk, I used to hear a pair of feet go pattering under my window—they must have been small feet—and used to hear the snatch of a soft song—it must have been a young girl's voice; and I often thought I would ask my landlady, who lived in the cottage, but I came away and forgot it.

"There stood another cottage at the mouth of the lane, where it left the highway. The very first morning I passed, a lady in a sun-bonnet was weeding a patch of flowers in the yard.—The next morning she wore a better bonnet; and so, between seeing her one morning in one bonnet, and another morning in another—seeing her face one morning, and her back the next—I came to be quite familiar with her appearance and attitudes, and I dare say, if I had stayed long enough, our acquaintance might in time, have ripened to something like chit-chat over the holly-hedge that bordered her garden.

"But I was most familiar with my neighbors over the way, the other side of the lane; though I never remember to have met a single one of them, even in my walks through the town. The intimacy sprung up in their garden, and grew through my windows.

"My landlady told me the occupants of the cottage were brothers—one a bachelor and the other married; and that his were the two children, I had seen tottling over the gravel-walks in the garden.

"But my landlady had not told me which was the married man, and which the Benedick. It put my ingenuity sadly to the test to establish the difference. They were not far from the same age—one a heavy, florid man, with a portly step—the other thin, not as tidily dressed, and shorter by an inch. They sometimes of a morning walked down the garden and out at the green gate together, but oftener the thin man was first by a half hour at the least.

"I tried to hang an opinion upon this, but could not. There was something, however, in their ways of shutting the door that gave me for a time strong hopes of determining their respective conditions. The thin, pale man, uniformly shut the door very promptly, and occasionally with a slam; the florid man on the contrary, usually loitered in the half open door, while he was putting on his gloves, and then closed it very deliberately, but impressively, and walked down the garden, as if he were at peace with all the world. The man, thought I, who closes the door emphatically and promptly, and earliest by a half hour (for here, the first-mentioned observation comes in very gracefully to sustain the last)—as if the world in-doors were one thing to him, and the world out-of-doors quite another, must be the —husband.

"On the other hand, the man who loiters with the door half open, as if, I thought, the world within and the world without, were all *one* to him, must be—I was very sure of it—the bachelor brother.

"The expression upon the countenance of the last, tended the more to confirm my opinion; for, after observing it attentively every morning for a week, I could discover no expression at all, either of joy, sorrow, disgust, or anxiety—one or the other of which, under the circumstances, would I thought, very naturally sit upon the face of a husband.

"The pale man seemed to me to have more thankfulness in his nature; and as he felt first the fresh, cool air of the morning. I fancied that he breathed a sort of inward thanksgiving to Heaven, for having made such a morning, and for having given him such a blessed opportunity to enjoy it;—and surely, thought I, it is, or ought to be, characteristic of a married man, to be grateful for even the most trifling mercies of Heaven.

"Towards noon, it always happened that a small boy with a basket, rung the bell at the green gate, and the maid-of-all-work ran out—always in the same pea-green dress, slipshod—to bring back the steak, or joint, or brace of fowls, as the case might be.

"At four precisely, the two brothers, arm in arm, enter the little green gate; and four times out of five, it happened that just at that hour, the two little children would be frolicking about the garden, and that both would set off on a canter down towards the gate, shouting, I fancied, (for I could not hear), at every jump,—*Papa—papa!*

"The florid man uniformly stood still for the little girl to come up, and the pale man as uniformly advanced a step to catch the little boy in his arms.

"Which was the papa?—for my life I could not tell.

"They walk together into the house; presently the stout man appears with a knife in his hand—walks to the further end of the garden, and cuts a huge bunch of celery—he then disappears, and I see no more of either till after dinner.

"—I have finished my own, and am sitting

before the window, when out come the two brothers, and seat themselves for a quiet smoke upon the bench beside the door. The stout man puffs slowly, and at long intervals, and throws his head back against the wall, and clasps his hands across the lower button of his waistcoat, and puffs, and looks into the sky, as if it were all his own.

"Happy man! thought I, without care, without anxieties—your own robust, contented looks, are, after all, the best proof of your fortunate estate.

"I could not help contrasting his free and easy appearance with that of the poor man beside him. The puffs of this last were violent and irregular; indeed, his cigar was gone, before that of the stout man was half consumed. I thought he gazed with a look of envy upon the careless air of the bachelor brother. Poor soul! from my heart I pitied him.

"—Meantime the children steal out;—the boy treads on the toes of the thin man, and the little girl (it puzzled me for a while) covers the face of the stout man with kisses.

"Once on a fair noon, after I had resided a fortnight at the cottage—the mother made her appearance with a babe of only six weeks old in her arms; this, I determined should be the test. She stood for a moment before the brothers, as if hesitating; and then with a smile, I thought half of irony, she put it gently into the arms of the thin man. He turned his eyes upward a moment; but whether to thank Heaven for having given him such a babe, or in a prayerful wish that Heaven would make it soon able to take care of itself—I could not determine. The mother sits between the brothers, and talks vivaciously to one and the other—never seeming to have a single sentiment of pity for the sad wreck of a husband beside her.

"Now, whether the motion of the father's arms induced the sensations of sea-sickness, or whether the babe had been over-fed, it suddenly fell violently sick. The poor man jumped up, with an exclamation that reached my ear through the window. And—I could not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes—the mother and brother burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, at sight of the thin man and the sick baby. It was wrong—it was inhuman, but I could not help laughing at the poor devil myself: and I was the less disposed to resist, as I wanted to enjoy a kind of triumph over my landlady, who was but two years married, and who was taking the last dishes from the table.

"—Ha, ha, said I, Madame, as she came and peeped over my shoulder—*voyez vous*—this poor soul—ha, ha—his own child—

"—Monsieur! interrupted Madame, looking me fixedly in the face.

"—*Eh, bien, Madame, je dis—moi—he, he—que se pauvre diable—ce mari*—

"—But, Monsieur, said Madame, the thin man is not the husband—

"—And the stout man—

"—Is Monsieur D—, the husband of the lady, and the father of those pretty children.

"—I asked my landlady to draw the curtains, and bring up candles.

"But the time has come to leave Jersey; and if it is objected by any, that I give no sufficient account of the social habits of the people, can I not point back triumphantly with the feather-end of my quill to the last three pages, where are drawn actual daguerreotypes of the inhabitants of as many cottages?

"—Nay, more; have I not, forgetting my native modesty, peeped through the chintz curtains of my window, and so exposed to the eye of the world, the domestic secrets of my neighbor's family?

"I can only add, that the people of the island are most easy and familiar in their social intercourse. There is about them a *bonhomie*, and heartfulness that makes one's feelings warm towards them. There are no foolish distinctions in their society; mere rank is not insisted on;

and everywhere the stranger is received with a most affable courtesy.

"It was a night in early spring, on which I had arranged my leave-taking. Two months the cottage had been my home; in that time, I had gained my health once more; and in that time, too, had come to me—sad, sad news from over the ocean; and I had wept bitter tears at that home in the cottage.

"—But the parish clock of St. Hiliers has struck; the landlady calls; I snatch the curtain aside for a last look into my neighbor's garden; the moon lights up pleasantly the brown face of the cottage, and silvers the box borders and the gravel-walks; I give a hasty final glance around the parlor—into the grate, burning so cheerfully; and often since, in the *maisons garnies* of Paris, in the dirty inns of the Apennines, and in the splendid hotels of Vienna, have I longed for the quiet comforts of my little home at *La Solitude*."

All this must remind the reader of Sterne—and indeed the physiognomy of the book, with its separate chapter titles and title-pages of red letters and Greek mottoes, recalls two "very diverse," yet equally "memorable books"—*The Sentimental Journey*, and *the Doctor*. Nor is its vein altogether disappointing to the reader, whose imagination anticipates entertainment somewhat like that afforded by those two literary favorites. A random, philosophical tone, similar to poor Southey's melange, is clearly discernible in our translator's reveries, and there are many touches of quiet humor and tender feeling which are akin to Sterne. The author remarks somewhere in the course of his book, that other people's descriptions are nothing compared to personal observation, and ascribes the vague impressions we receive from the accounts of tourists, to the variety of their idiosyncracies. Perhaps this is also the reason why we never weary of records of travel—however familiar the ground. Enough! if there is something genuine in the writer, if he tells us what he really feels, and how things actually strike him. We confess that the eventuality which enlivens the *Journal* of Stephens, the vague poetical atmosphere that bathes Lamartine's Eastern scenes, and the critical enthusiasm of Mrs. Jameson, have each for us their particular charm. There is a manly cheerfulness about *Ik. Marvel* in his peregrinations in search of health, which leads him to find a glimpse of humor or a dash of sentiment amid circumstances the most unpropitious. Like the brave old English bard, he seems to feel, whatever are his temporary surroundings—"my mind to me a kingdom is,"—and even when he complains, it is with the pleasantry of Matthews in his *Diary of an Invalid*. His descriptions of Paris life are singularly true and unexaggerated. They have not only vividly recalled, but more clearly arranged our reminiscences. The picture of the Prefect of Police, *Les Maisons Garnies*, *The Café*, *The Restaurant*, and *The Modern Cook*, are full of correctness and point; while the disquisitions on the Religion of Paris and morality in France, as well as occasional theories of national character, are judicious and tenable. The most fresh of the *Gleanings*, as far as subjects are concerned, are those relating to the island of Jersey, and the trip in Hungary. We like a traveller that can depict the present with graphic power, and, at the same time, mellow his pictures with the light of the past. Our author frequently does this most happily. At St. Hiliers he revives the memory of the gallant Major Pierson, whose death-scene Copley portrayed; and the gay aspect of his first evening in Paris is made thoughtful by keen

recollections of Maria Antoinette and Charlotte Corday.

Another pre-requisite of a good tourist he possesses, and that is, the faculty of making himself at home everywhere. He contrives to weave the charm of personal association around each new scene, and thus give vitality and interest to its details. Moreover, he is evidently a gentleman and a scholar—both of which facts are made known to us in a very unobtrusive, and therefore very reliable way. His ideas of the freedom of intercourse and the facility of adaptation necessary to see the world effectively, are quite philosophical, and the best proof of their wisdom are the Fresh Gleanings themselves. Some clever stories are inserted at intervals *a la Sterne*—such as *La Merle*, *Boldo's Story*, &c.; and some apostrophes come in deftly, to vary the foreign panorama. To sum up our author's claims in a word, he is a sympathetic observer. There are scores of attractive Flemish pictures, bringing up houses, faces, landscapes, and coteries in their own proper colors and relief—evidently daguerreotypes from life and nature.

In striking contrast to the dreamy picture of *La Solitude* we have the following, a few pages further on:—

"**APPROACH TO LYONS.**—I always felt a strong curiosity to learn something about those great inland cities of France, which maintain a somewhat doubtful, and precarious existence in the public mind, by being set down in the books of geographers. I had been whipped to learn in my old school a long paragraph about Lyons, I dare say, ten times over; and yet, when bowling back the mountains in a crazy diligence, at midnight, between Geneva and the city of silks, I could not tell a syllable about it.

"I had a half memory of its having been the scene of dreadful murders in the time of the Revolution, and shuddered at thought of its bloody and dark streets; I knew the richest silks of the West came from Lyons, and so, thought it must be full of silk-shops and factories; I remembered how Tristram Shandy had broke down his chaise, and gone 'higgledy-piggledy' in a cart into Lyons, and so I thought the roads must be very rough around the city; my old tutor, in his explication of the text of Tacitus, had given me the idea that Lyons was a cold city, far away to the north; and as for the tourists, if I had undertaken to entertain upon the midnight in question, one half of the contradictory notions which they had put in my mind from time to time, my thoughts about Lyons, would have been more 'higgledy-piggledy' than poor Sterne's post-chaise, and worse twisted than his papers, in the curls of the chaise-vamper's wife.

"I had predetermined to disregard all that the tourists had written, and to find things (a very needless resolve), quite the opposite of what they had been described to be.

"I nudged F—, who was dozing in the corner under the lantern, and took his pocket-gazetteer, and turning to the place where we were going, read: 'Lyons is the second city of France. It is situated on the Rhone, near its junction with the Saone; it has large silk-manufactories, and a venerable old Cathedral.' We shall see—thought I. What a help to the digestion of previously acquired information, is the simple seeing for one's self!

"The whole budget of history, and of fiction—whether of travel-writers or romancers, and of geographers, fades into insignificance in comparison with one glance of an actual observer. Particular positions and events may be vivid to the mind, but they can tell no story of noise and presence—of rivers rushing, wheels rolling, sun shining, voices talking. And why cannot these all be so pictured, that a man might wake up in a far off city, as if it were an old story? Simply because each observer has his individualities, which it is as impossible to convey to the mind

of another by writing, as it would have been for me to have kept awake that night in the diligence, after reading so sleepy a paragraph as that in the Gazetteer.

"I dreamed of silk cravats, and gaping cut throats, until F— nudged me in his turn at two in the morning, and said we had got to Lyons."

The following well-told incident is one we fear which Ik. Marvel might be a party to without travelling beyond the sound of Trinity Church chimes.

"**BEGGAR BOYS.**—At the very first stopping-place after we had gone over the hills, there came up to me such a winning little beggar as never took my money before. Italy, with all its *carità*, and *pe' amore di Santa Maria*, makes one hard-hearted. I kept my money in my breast-pocket, buttoned tight over my heart. I had learned to walk boldly about, without loosing a button for a pleading eye. The little Hungarian rogue took me by surprise: I had scarce seen him, before he walked straight up beside me, and took my hand in both his, and kissed it; and then, as I looked down, lifted his eye timidly up to meet mine;—and he grew bolder at the look I gave him, and kissed my hand again—*molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis*—and if I suffer this I shall be conquered, thought I; and looked down at him sternly. He dropped my hand, as if he had been too bold;—he murmured two or three sweet words of his barbarian tongue, and turned his eyes all swimming upon me, with a look of gentle reproach that subdued me at once. I did not even try to struggle with the enemy, but unbuttoned my coat, and gave him a handful of kreitzers.

"Now before I could put my money fairly back, there came running up one of the wildest-looking, happiest-hearted little nymphs that ever wore long, floating ringlets, or so bright a blue eye; and she snatched my hand, and pressed her little rosy lips to it again and again—so fast that I had not time to take courage between, and felt my heart fluttering, and growing, in spite of myself, more and more yielding, at each one of the beautiful creature's caresses; and then she twisted the little fingers of one hand between my fingers, and with the other she put back the long, wavy hair that had fallen over her eyes, and looked me fully and joyously in the face—ah! *semper—semper causa est cur ego semper amem!*

"If I had been of firmer stuff, I should have been to this day, five kreitzers the richer. She ran off with a happy, ringing laugh that made me feel richer by a zwanziger;—and there are twenty kreitzers in a zwanziger.

"I had buttoned up my coat, and was just about getting in the coach, when an old woman came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder, and at the same instant a little boy she led, kissed my hand again. I do not know what I might have done, in the current of my feelings, for the poor woman, if I had not caught sight, at the very moment of this new appeal, of the red nose, and black whiskers, and round-topped hat of Cameron, with as wicked a laugh on his face, as ever turned the current of a good man's thoughts.—It is strange how feelings turn themselves by the weight of such trifling impulses. I was ten times colder than when I got out of the coach. I gave the poor woman a most ungracious refusal—Ah! the reproaches of complaining eyes! Not all the pleasure that kind looks or that kind words give, or have given in life, can balance the pain that reproachful eyes occasion—eyes that have become sealed over with that leaden seal which lifts not; how they pierce one by day time, and more dreadfully by night—through and through! Words slip, and are forgotten; but looks, reproachful looks, frightful looks, make up all that is most terrible in dreams.

"I hope Cameron in some of his wanderings over the moors in his blue and white shooting jacket, had his flask of 'mountain dew' fail, when the sun was straight over his head—and

that between that time and night, gray night, damp night, late night, there came never a bird to his bag—not even a wandering field-fare—because he laughed me ought of my charity to the old beggar-woman of Illyria.

"He insisted, however, that there was nothing uncharitable in laughing, and that there was no reason in the world, why genuine benevolence should not act as freely in the face of gaiety, as of the demure-looking faces, with which the Scotch presbyters about the West Bow, drop their pennies into the poor-box. Ten thousand times in life, one is ashamed of being laughed out of a course of action, and never stops to think whether the action after all, is good or bad. I never yet met a man who hadn't pride enough to deny his sensitiveness to ridicule. It will be seen that I was in quarreling humor with Cameron, and we kept the beggars fresh in our minds and on our tongues for an hour or more, when we appealed to Monsieur le Comte, who looked very practically on even the warmer feelings of our nature.

"Monsieur le Comte thought the money to the boy was well enough bestowed; to the girl he would have given himself, had she been a trifle older—

"—And she had kissed your hand, as she did mine—

"—But as for the old woman, she did not deserve it.—He was behind the coach, while I was in front, and had seen the mother send forward—first the boy—then the little girl—and after taking the kreitzers from both, had come up with a third!

"Happily, Cameron's laugh of triumph was drowned by the noise of the postillion's bugle, as we dashed into the court-yard of the inn of Adelsberg."

We must offer still another extract which the dramatic power and vigor of description possessed by our author cannot but make entertaining:—

"**A NIGHT SCENE.**—Our waiter called us at eight; he should have called us at six. It gave occasion for a sharp quarrel, which, being in English, was quite a luxury to all of us, but chiefly to Cameron, who conducted it very effectively on the part of the Count and myself.

"The result was—a sorry breakfast, an extravagant bill, and a shower of Hungarian oaths, as we dashed out of the inn court; and in ten minutes we were in the wild scenery of Styria.

"Though it was hardly mid-May, the women in their picturesque hats—which were no more than broad brims, with a round knot in the middle—were at hay-making, through all the grass-fields. Immense teams, of from fifteen to twenty horses each, passed us on the way. The cottages had an exceedingly neat air. There were occasional beggars, but they had not the winning ways of the little fellow in the Southern country.

"The posts were long, and the rain threatening, and thirty to forty wearisome leagues lay between us and Gratz. We had hoped to reach it the same night. At four, we took a miserable dinner in the dirty town of Marburg; and it was near six, when we set off in a driving rain. In a half hour more it was dark. Fifteen leagues lay yet between us and Gratz.

"At Marburg they had told us there was an inn at the second post.

"We discussed long, and at the first angrily, the question, whether we should hold on our way spite of rain and darkness to the Styrian Capital, or should stop the night out at the inn of the second post. At length our empty stomachs, and our fatigue, added to a little fear of the wild country, and a crazy-headed driver, decided us on the earliest practicable stop.

"The next point was—no unimportant one—to make the postmen, and stupid postillions understand our new disposition. We determined to try our vocabulary of language at the first post station, hoping, if the intelligence could be in any way communicated to any human tenant of

the house, it might be transmitted by the postillion.

"Unfortunately, nobody appeared but an old woman, in a night-cap.

"We complimented her in French; *nein*—said the old woman.

"We explained ourselves in Italian; *nichts*—said the old woman.

"We entreated her in our phrase-book German; *nichts*—said the old woman.

"Cameron asked her in good Scotch—what the d—l she meant; *nein*—said the old woman, and slammed the door in our face. And a postillion in oil-skin jumped upon the box, and rattled away.

"A church clock struck ten.

"The rain increased, and an occasional burst of lightning blazed over the steep, fir-covered sides of mountains that stretched beside us; and at intervals a brighter gleam would shine along the black surface of a raging stream, that for the last half hour we had heard below us. The dim light of the lanterns glimmered—now upon the dripping branches of fir-trees that hung half over the road—now broke strongly upon a gray cliff, as if we were riding in some monster cavern; then it would glitter out in feeble rays into the deep darkness, lighting nothing but the scuds of rain; and the roar of the waters below told us we were on the edge of a precipice.

"Most anxiously we looked out for some tokens of a town; still the lightning broke over nothing but tall forests, or savage dells below us.

"The postillion drove like a madman; and his wild Styrian oaths, added to the rattle of the coach, to the clattering of the horses' hoofs, and the rolling of the thunder among the hills, made us up a concert as wild as it was fearful.

"At every glimpse of smooth land, which the lightning opened to view, we uttered a fervent hope—the Count, Cameron, and myself—that the ride was nearly ended. Nor did we remember for a moment, that the same difficulties of interpretation might occur at the coming post station, as at the last.

"Finally, when we were half exhausted, the postillion blew a shrill blast on his bugle. It sounded strangely mingled with the mutterings of the thunder.

"He drew up to the door of the post station: it was all dark and closed. He blew again, and again. Finally, a light appeared at one of the windows; a bell tinkled in an out-building; and presently a fat old Styrian, half dressed, appeared at the door, and a new postillion with a fresh pair of horses.

"We addressed the old Styrian, as we had addressed the woman of the back station. The old fellow stared, rubbed his eyes, as if he thought he was not thoroughly awake, and was again all attention.

"We played him a perfect pantomime by the light of the lanterns. The old man gave a grim smile, and turned to chat with our postillion. The result of his inquiries seemed to be, a determination to get rid of us as soon as possible.

"Meantime the postillion was fast removing the panting horses, and the fresh relay was waiting.

"—*Un hôtel*,—said the Count, emphasizing with a vengeance—*est ce qu'il y a un hôtel ici?*

"*Yah, yah*,—said the fat old Styrian, at the same time hitching up his breeches.

"—*Eh bien*—(like a flash)—*nous voulons nous y arreter*.

"*Yah*,—said the postman; and the postillion had taken away his horses, and the others were nearly on.

"—*Vogliamo trovar una Locanda. Signor subito*.

"—*Yah—yah, yah*,—said the half-dressed Styrian. The new postillion was nearly ready.

"—*Ein Gasthof*,—yelled Cameron.

"*Yah, yah*,—said the old fellow, and gave his breeches another hitch.

"The postillion jumped on the box.

"D—n it, we want to stop,—shouted Cameron.

"—*Yah*,—said the fat old rascal, and shut the door; and the coach started.

"It may seem very simple in us, that we did not get out of our carriage; but the truth was, we should have been no nearer the hotel out of the carriage than in, beside the inconvenience of being pelted by the rain. We knew merely from our informant at Marburg, that we should find a hotel shortly before reaching the second post station.

"And whatever difference of opinion had previously existed among us, in regard to stopping, or going on to Gratz, there was now a manifest coincidence upon the former course; and our three opinions formed an aggregate of determination, which we thought it would be difficult, for either postman or postillion to resist.

"We restrained for a moment or two the furor of our resolve, hoping the coach might yet turn back. It was a vain hope. At a desperate speed we rattled along the brink of the river, on whose tumbling surface an occasional gleam of the lantern shone dimly.

"The Count screamed a volley of imprecations at the postillion, who at length stopped his headlong pace, though muttering as angrily in reply.

"The Count put his head out of the window. It was an odd scene—a mad Frenchman berating an impudent knave of a postillion, in a merciless rain, at midnight, and neither understanding a word that the other said. The Count gesticulated furiously—*Que diable!—un Hôtel—une Auberge, nous disons!*

"The postillion swore: the Count drew in his head. The knave hesitated a moment; muttered something, evidently intended for our ignorant ears, and drove on at the same mad pace.

"The Count shouted again; the postillion muttered louder, and gave his horses a new thwack.

"We all screamed together, and broke open the coach door. The postillion swore again, and drew up his team.

"Cameron jumped out into the rain, and ran to the horses' heads. The Count surveyed from one window, and I from the other. Cameron talked very impressive Scotch, and his pantomime would have done honor to the witches in Macbeth. Uncomfortable as was our position, we could not resist breaking into a roar of laughter.

"This disturbed the poor postillion more and more. With a madman before, and two crazy fellows inside, as it must have seemed to him, he was sorely perplexed. He expostulated, he entreated, he explained,—I dare say in very good Styrian dialect. Cameron instructed, confuted, threatened, in equally good English. We attempted to assist matters, by throwing in a little French and Italian denunciation.

"The postillion in despair, uttered what seemed a round oath, and put the whip to his horses. Cameron caught them by the bit; they started back. There was no room for any fancy evolutions, there on the brink of the river. The postillion jumped from his seat, and ran to his horses' heads. Cameron caught him by the collar, and pointed back; and whether it was the gripe or the expression of his eye, I do not know, but the knave became convinced that there was no going further that night.

"We found our way back to the post station; the grumbling old Styrian was roused again; we left him grumbling, and hitching up his breeches, and drove to the inn.

"Two or three half-dressed servants received us. We were in no humor for long interpretations. We made our own way to the kitchen, and took possession of a large dish of milk, and a loaf of bread; and slept the night out quietly, on sheets fringed with lace, just over the banks of the wild Styrian river."

As a particularly agreeable companion, we

have thus let Ik. Marvel have a great deal of talk to himself, without checking his fluency with our comments. His book has delighted us as pretending to give only a superficial view of things, and doing that well; and we hold his animation and grace at much higher value than we do the Guide-book erudition and Paris-gilded German philosophizing of more ambitious books, in which six-month tourists so often delight to show that they have not forgotten "utility, instruction, and the earnest spirit of the age," while recording their experiences of French omelettes, or Italian macaroni. In parting from Ik. we must express our regret that notwithstanding the general excellence of his language, he occasionally uses a clumsy new-fangled Londonese word or so, such as we find in Miss Pardoe's clever work on Louis XIV., and other recent English publications. Let an American eschew or not the verbs to "progress," to "calculate," and "to cotton," as we find them in Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and other masters of the language which we brought from the England of Milton's days; when the divine master himself described by name a Virginia "Julep" in his prophetic line;—but we cannot be too careful about imitating the insular branch of our Elizabethan and Cromwellian stock, in their cockney inventions to make the language of the Bible obsolete. We are not ill-natured about this matter however, and to prove the same, will yet add another extract showing how John Bull makes the syllable "odd" do nearly as much duty in his mouth, as that unfortunate over-worked little word "nice" which he uses on all possible occasions as if he would forever suggest its opposite.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEA OF ODDITY.—"A Norfolk county gentleman stood beside me, who like myself was visiting France for the first time; and there was that which told as plainly as words could tell it, that the same thoughts were passing through his mind, as were passing through mine. So we stood looking over the lee-rail together, scarce for a moment turning our eyes from the line of shore. Presently we could see white buildings dotted here and there.

"Very odd-looking houses,—said the Norfolk county gentleman, laying down his glass.

"Very odd—said I; only meaning, however, to assent to the Englishman's idea of oddity, who counts everything odd, that differs from what he has been used to see within the limits of his own Shire. It is quite beyond the comprehension of a great many English country gentlemen, how any people in the world can have tastes differing from their own; and wherever this difference exists in small things, or great, they think it exceeding odd.

"I remember standing with such a man, on the Place before St. Peter's, on a night of the Illumination.—The lesser white lights had been burning an hour over frieze, and dome, and all,—so that the church seemed as if it had been painted with molten silver, upon a dark-blue waving curtain; and when the clock struck the signal for the change, and the deep-red light flamed up around the cross and the ball,—and along every belt of the dome,—and blazed between the columns,—and ran like magic over the top of the façade,—and shot up its crackling tongues of flame around the whole sweep of the colonnade, and in every doorway—making the faces of the thirty-thousand lookers on as bright as if it was day—all upon the instant—"Pon my soul, sir—said the man beside me—this is dv'lish odd!

"Dev'lish odd—thought I; though I was not in the humor to say it.

"But to return to the French shore:—the houses we saw, were of plain white walls and roofed with tiles. They had not the rural at-

tractiveness of English cottages—no French cottages have—but they were very plainly, substantial, serviceable affairs. Presently we could make out the form of the people moving about.

“—Very odd-looking persons, those—said the Norfolk county gentleman, looking through his glass.

“—Very odd—said I, looking in my turn; for I like to keep in humor with the innocent fancies of a fellow-traveller. I knew the men of Norfolk did not wear such blue blouses as we saw; but aside from this, I could not observe any great difference between the French coastmen, and people I had seen in other parts of the world.

“A little after we made the light, and rounded the jetty, and saw groups of people, among whom we distinguished port officers and soldiers.

“—Extraordinary looking fellows—said the Norfolk county gentleman.

“—Very, said I—half seriously; for the soldiers wore frock-coats and crimson trousers, and most uncouth, barrel-shaped hats, and little dirty moustaches; and had a swaggering, careless air, totally unlike the trim, soldier-like appearance of English troops.

“In a few moments we ran up the dock, and caught glimpses of narrow, strange old streets; and two of the *gendarmes* came up, arm in arm, and tipped their big chapeaux, and asked for our passport.

“—How very absurd—said the Norfolk county gentleman, as he handed out his passport.

“—Very—said I, and I gave up mine.

“The quays were crowded with porters and hotel men, quarreling for our luggage; and here we first heard French talked at home.

“—It strikes me it's a very odd language—said the Norfolk county gentleman.

“—Very—said I; and we stepped ashore in France.”

In our notice of this work we have much exceeded our usual limits. For we conceive that we are welcoming here a new American author, as well as a new American book, which is conceived in remarkable good taste; and in which there is less of crude writing for effect—less of garrulous egotism and a more even, genial and native spirit than we often recognise in similar attempts.

NORTH AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY.

[THIRD PAPER.]

“He who hath placed the White man's heaven,
Where hymns on vapory clouds are chanted,

To harps by angel fingers play'd;

Not less on his Red children smiles

To whom a land of souls is given,

Where in the ruddy west array'd

Brighten our blessed hunting isles.

There souls again to youth are born,

A youth that knows no withering!

There, blithe and bland the breeze of morn

Fresheneth an eternal Spring

'Mid trees, and flowers, and waterfalls,

And fountains bubbling from the moss,

And leaves that quiver with delight,

As from their shade the warbler calls,

Or choring, glances to the light

On wings which never lose their gloss:

There brooks that bear their buds away,

From branches that will bend above them,

So closely they could not but love them,

To the same bowers again will stray

From which at first they murmuring sever,

Still floating back their blossoms to them,

Still with the same sweet music ever,

Returning yet once more to woo them;

There love, like bird, and brook, and blossom,

Is young forever in each bosom!”

Such is the description of the celestial regions, given by a friend of OJEEG, a famous hunter of pleasant localities, who is supposed to be at this moment enjoying all good things in the land of spirits. His friend returned to

the world to impart the description, after getting merely a peep through the walls of the western sky, where he and Ojeeg broke a hole through it, but the name of Ojeeg himself only lives upon earth in the record of Tradition, which embalms his memory as that of THE SUMMER-MAKER.

There is a group of stars in the northern hemisphere which the Ojibbeways call Ojeeg Anung, or the fisher's stars, whose origin is derived by some of our lake tribes from Ojeeg, or the fisher, which is the name of a sprightly little animal common to the shores of Lake Igowa, or “Superior,” as the white men call it. This Ojeeg was a great hunter when he lived in person on the earth; but the snow, which then covered its whole surface, was a terrible embarrassment to him. He prayed often to the Great Spirit, sobbing and telling him that Red-men were sorry to see the snow continually over the ground, and supplicating the Master of Life to cause it to melt, so that we might have continual summer. After a while he took counsel of a Jossakeed, or sorcerer, who dwelt in those parts, who told Ojeeg that if he would follow his directions he might himself make summer, but that it would cost him his life.

Ojeeg, being bent upon his purpose, collected then several of his hardest friends, and, following the directions of the Jossakeed (who, some say, was himself a Manito) climbed to the top of a lofty mountain. Here the company rested on the highest peak, to fill their pipes, and address the Great Spirit. They first supplicated the Great Spirit in a loud voice. They then commenced smoking. They gazed on the sky in silent admiration and astonishment, for they were on so elevated a point that it seemed only a short distance above their heads. After they had finished smoking, they prepared themselves. Ojeeg then told one of his friends to make the first attempt and try and make a hole in the sky. He consented with a grin, and, making a leap at the sky, fell down the mountain side, and some say was turned into an otter at the base.

Others insist that he was an otter from the first, and these assert that Ojeeg's friends, who were none others than the badger, the beaver, and the wolverine, all followed his example, and were foiled in succession, with the exception of the wolverine. He, as well as Ojeeg, repeated his leaps against the sky till it began to give way against the repeated attempts of Ojeeg, assisted by the activity, hardihood, and perseverance of the wolverine.

Ojeeg, by a great effort, in which he mustered all his strength, plunged fairly in at the last attempt. He found himself at once on a beautiful prairie, extending as far as the eye could reach, covered with flowers of a thousand different hues and fragrance. Here and there were clusters of tall shady trees, separated by innumerable streams of the purest water, which wound around their courses under the cooling shades, and brightened the plain with countless beautiful lakes, whose banks and bosoms were covered with water-fowl, basking and sporting in the sun. The trees were alive with birds of different plumage, warbling their sweet notes, and delighted with perpetual spring. Ojeeg beheld, too, very long lodges, and the celestial inhabitants amusing themselves at a distance. Words cannot express the beauty and charms of the place.

Now, as it happened, these lodges were at that hour empty of their inhabitants, but Ojeeg, seeing them lined with *mocuks*, or cages filled with birds and fowls of different plumage, thought of the little son whom he had left

upon the earth, and for whose sake, indeed, he had undertaken this whole adventure in search of the summer. He immediately commenced cutting open the cages and letting out the birds, who made instantly for the hole which Ojeeg had broken in the sky, and descended towards the earth in whole flocks through the opening. The warm air of those regions also rushed down through the opening, and spread its genial influence through the atmosphere below.

When the celestial inhabitants saw the birds let loose and the warm gales descending, they raised a shout like thunder, and ran for their lodges. But it was too late—Spring, Summer, and Autumn had gone, even perpetual Summer had almost gone; but they separated it with a blow, and only a part descended; yet the ends were so mangled that, whenever it prevails among the lower inhabitants, it is always sickly.

Though Ojeeg heard the outcry, he continued to break open the *mocuks* till the last moment—so that when those who made the noise pressed nearer he had but an instant to fly to the opening. But already had the celestial inhabitants closed it against him, and now he fled along the plains of the heavens, taking a northerly direction, while they pursued him with their arrows. In this chase Ojeeg, by the aid of a medicine which the Jossakeed had given him, assumed the shape of “the Fisher,”—the animal after whom he was named,—and thus his body was invulnerable, except the space of an inch near the tip of his tail. At last one of the arrows hit this spot, and when he became faint with the loss of blood, he laid himself down towards the north of the place, and, stretching out his limbs, said:

“I have fulfilled my promise to my son, though it has cost me my life; but I die satisfied in the idea that I have done so much good, not only for him, but for my fellow-beings. Hereafter I will be a sign to the inhabitants below for ages to come, who will venerate my name for having procured the varying seasons. They will now have from eight to ten months without snow.”

Ojeeg was found dead next morning, but they left him as they found him, with the arrow sticking in his tail, as it can be plainly seen at this time in the heavens.

Such is the memorable story of Ojeeg, as we have abridged it from the *Algic Researches*. There are other heavenly bodies which are not less intimately connected with the fortunes of mankind, but this one instance will illustrate the character of Indian invention in this sphere of fancy. The Iroquois legends differ from those of the Algonquins in being less sportive and less fanciful, perhaps, if not less ingenious; but they abound in the wildest images of terror. There is, too, a kind of Scandinavian simplicity and severity about them, as compared with the lodge-lore of their more mercurial neighbors, which reminds us of the land of Odin, even as the Algonquin mythology carries us among the genii haunts of the Arabian Nights. The rumored re-appearance of the Sea Serpent upon our coast this season may make one of their traditions apposite and acceptable here to all pious believers in the marvellous. ONYARE, the Great Lake Serpent, has not been seen for centuries along the borders of our inland seas, but there was a time when, cooling one extremity in the tide waters of the Hudson, his forked tongue would vibrate amid the mist of Niagara. Some, however, deny these extravagant dimensions. But these still acknowledge his appalling size, and say that by coiling himself in various

positions near the forest paths he intercepted all communications between the towns. Nor was his huge bulk, encumbering the trails which led through the country of the Iroquois, the only inconvenience of his visitations to the land. The terrors he created by his appearance wherever he went, were dreadfully enhanced by the poisonous breath he diffused everywhere. The people of the Six Nations of Iroquois were fast perishing from the earth when the Holder of the Heavens at last heard their prayers and interposed his power to shield them as well from Onyare as from other monsters which afflicted them in those days. The Lake Serpent, alarmed at last by what The Holder of the Heavens was doing to relieve his people, and when his brood had been destroyed by thunderbolts, fearing for himself, withdrew again to the waters, and plunged into depths where no power could reach him (Schoolcraft's Notes on the Iroquois). He has since, as we all know, re-appeared occasionally off Nahant, and the insolence with which he there sets the arts of our whalers at defiance sufficiently approves his might in earlier days.

This general view of our Indian mythology might be extended interminably, and perhaps we ought not to close it without a glance at the Weendigoes or giant Anthropophagi, at Pauguk, the death-spirit or life-hunter, at Horigo, the spectral Cyclopean hunter, and other worthies who keep our woods from being lonely. Konez-ronch too, the flying head of the Iroquois, and Otne-yarh-heh, that marvelous race of stonish giants, whose colossal forms, if we believe the traditions of the Six Nations, may still be seen on a fine day far down beneath the waters of our New York lakes—might also seem to require particular notice here. These stupendous monsters, however, as also the fruitful subject of *Indian metamorphosis*, the compiler of these notes upon Indian mythology has already commemorated with sober faith in a work published ten years ago, to which he would here refer the curious reader (see *Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie*. See also Schoolcraft's Notes on the Iroquois. Bartlett & Welford: N. Y. 1846).

Our more serious readers, however, will expect something on the subject of Indian worship; and here again—acknowledging our incapacity to sift the notions and discriminate between the forms of devotion which have been more or less impinged upon Indian habits by the diverse and often contending Missionary teachings of two hundred years—we must recur directly to the modern observer for the more reliable testimony. If we recollect, right, however, the views of La Hontan, writing five generations before the American author, are to the same general effect with those given by Dr. James in the following passages:—

"The belief of the Indians in the existence of superior beings, particularly of the two great Manitos, which represent the good and evil principle, seems to be strong and steady. Their situation makes them a religious people, but their devotion is simple and unobtrusive, having no public form or ceremonial, and being marked by no more important religious rite in which the many may participate, than the *Metawee* or medicine dance, described by so many writers. Standing in a great measure alone, unentrenched and exposed as is the uncivilized man, he feels every moment his dependence upon an invisible power. The storm which prostrates his frail tent of flags—the hurricane which endangers his little canoe, and the malady which brings death into his family are to him the wrathful visitations of an offended

divinity. A clear sky, a bright sun, a smooth path, and a successful hunt, as he feels they depend upon contingencies not in his power to control, he regards as the bounties of a beneficent Providence. In his happiest condition he has so much to suffer, so much to apprehend, that although his reliance on himself is great, he seems never to forget that he and all things about him are in the hand of a powerful and over-ruling spirit. Thus when he has discovered game, when he has fallen on the path of his enemy, or is thrown into any situation which would seem to call for immediate exertion, instead of hurrying precipitately forward as a white man would do in similar circumstances, he pauses to have a 'Medicine smoke,' or to address his Manito. But his devotion is not a prescribed lesson which he tasks his memory to retain, a constrained compliance with the customs of his tribe, or an irksome task which he submits to perform for the good opinion of those about him. There are no witnesses save from the invisible world of his lonely act of forest worship, and his piety is the spontaneous, and, as we might say, the involuntary tribute of his feelings. The religious fast which public opinion compels the young warrior to keep when he first comes of age is indeed an exception to this rule; but though the young aspirant for the war path is known by his friends to have retired to the Medicine lodge where he is awaiting the blessed visions which are expected to attend his fasting and his prayers, none dream of intruding upon his lonely communion with the world of spirits."

This fast in the opinion of the same writer, and according to the testimony of others, is often maintained by the pious aspirant who is unfavored with any visitation either from this world or the other, until death closes the torture he endures without complaining; and many a fragile youth thus perishing from inanition in this treble trial of his firmness, his faith, and his fancy, has passed away, less gracefully than Opee-chee; that gentle and famished boy whom his Manito changed into a robin, as he sank exhausted when he had just half-covered his bosom with the red war paint.—(Gilman's "Life on the Lakes," 1837.)

Let us now briefly recur to the principal points of Indian belief upon which we have endeavored to fix the attention and awaken the interest of our readers by this discursive inquiry. The first of these seems to be the pre-existence and the never-ending existence of the soul through all time. The second is the *dual* existence of that soul; or, rather, the co-existence of an etherial spirit and a vital spirit in the body during life, and the recuperative existence of the vital principle in the body subsequent to death.

This last arrangement and condition must instantly suggest the Resurrection of the Dead as a portion of the aboriginal theory of a future life. But we find no hint of such a belief in their traditions, which when they seem nearest to approach the truths of Revelation, always break off abruptly; or perverted from sublimity to grotesqueness, mock us with the sense of having followed up a path that leads in fact nowhere.

The next point is, that, while the Indian believes most firmly in a future state, his paradise is still as material if not as sensual as that of the Mahometan, and that in this sphere of his belief the couplet of Pope sums up all the Scripture of the Indian.

"Who thinks admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dog will bear him company."

The Indian's belief of the relations of this life being maintained in a future state is vivid and tenacious to a degree of which mere

reasoning religionists have little conception. The writer of this, years ago, attempted to illustrate this deeply seated conviction in its intensest form, in the metrical tale from which we have ventured a quotation or two in these papers. And extravagant as may seem the legend of an Indian "vigil" in the story of affection there related, we can recall an instance of a not dissimilar exhibition of "faith" in a case of maternal love, as once told us by an officer of the army stationed on the western frontier. In this case during an epidemic which carried off many of a tribe of Indians near the garrison, a squaw utterly inconsolable for the loss of her infant, became instantly calm upon the death of a grown up son, who perished by the same malady a few days afterwards. "The babe," said she, "was too young to take care of himself in the spirit land—but now that the Master of Life has called his elder brother there to hunt for him, why should I grieve?"

In his mythology, however, we look in vain for the same simplicity of soul in the Indian. The Jehovah and the Belial of Judaism are indeed recognisable there. But around the footstool of the one crowd innumerable divinities who are acknowledged if not worshipped; and upholding the throne of the other are imps and wizzards and enchanters in endless numbers, and all the intermediate realm fairly teems with spirit life waiting upon humanity; while in every hollow oak and caverned rock vibrate

"The airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Now what are we to think of these complicated systems of pervading religious faith and grotesque but highly wrought superstitions? How far do they agree with the fanciful dreams of enthusiasts who expected to find the well connected trains of thought and clearly defined laws of mythological belief among a rude people? How far do they agree with the bald opinions of obtuse materialism, whose estimates of the Red man's intellect are almost incompatible with the least perfect forms of human organization? Let us answer these questions put by one resident among the Indian tribes, in the language of another who was not less familiar with their peculiarities. There is a subtlety in some of their modes of thought and belief on life and the existence of spiritual and creature forms which would seem to have been eliminated from some intellectual crucible without the limits of their present sphere. Spirit-ridden the Indian undoubtedly is, while compassed in by the invisible agents of a mythology exceeding even that of Greece and Rome in the number, variety, and ubiquity of its objects. Spirit-ridden he undoubtedly is, but can we consent that the Indian's vague, vast, and dreamy notions of the great author of existence, and the mode of his manifestations to the human race, and the wide and interminable system of superstitions and transcendental idolatry which he has reared on this basis, place him with all his theories and sympathies out of the pale of truth and civilization! (James and Schoolcraft. See particularly "Oneota" and "Algie Researches.")

When one remembers the treasure, the zeal, the fervid investigation and scholarly thought which our countrymen lavish upon the Asiatic world, he might make a rash reply as to the case of these fading Occidentals. But how would the Orientals make answer? The Hebrew of old would instantly revert to the Red man's conception of the great Ruler of the

universe, the one eternal God—and whisper "No! There is at least one solemn and awful link of sympathetic belief between those strange people and mine own!"

The ancient Greek, ever on the alert to open his dainty soul to that which is spiritually fair and beautiful, would turn from his consecrated grots, his woodland fanes, his nereids, and his hamydrads, and sweeping his lyre again beneath our spirit-haunted forests, would say, "Ah, no! Poetry is ever the sister spirit of civilization, and the poetry of all time sympathizes with the dream of nature's children, when it would put a tongue into the voiceless throat of matter and make all nature around us the conscious witness of our deeds."

The modern German Pantheist, the transcendentalist, the Swedenborgian, must each and all of them answer "No!" There are articulations in the skeleton metaphysics of each which joint on to the wild and wondrous belief of the Red man, and bring him within the pale of their civilized speculations.

But what says the orthodox believer of the general Christian church? Is he prepared to denounce his red brother from the same Almighty Parent as a blind and infatuated heathen, sitting in idolatry as well as darkness? Or will he rather when he ponders over the strange conflicting light of true religion which now shoots with so strong a beam, and now flickers with such perverted ray upon the Indian's path—will he not rather pause ere he arraigns,—and turning meekly to the written page of Revelation, clasp more closely than ever to his bosom the priceless Word of God?

Will he not—when remembering how nearly the dreaming metaphysics of these untutored children of nature may be assimilated in their results, to the labored inquiries of civilization's most gifted minds, will he not bow with increased awe before the text, "Who can by seeking find out God?" Will he not kneel in thankfulness that God through the deathless Gospel has sought out him.

THE LAMENT FOR DAPHNIS.

From the first Idyll of Theocritus.

BEGIN the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
again!
Thyrsis am I from Ætna, and this is Thyrsis' strain
Where were ye, nymphs, where were ye when
Daphnis pined away?
In Peneus' lovely vallies, or in Pindus' vales
that day?
For sure by great Anapus' wave ye were not
then, I deem,
Nor Ætna's lofty summit, nor Acis' holy stream.
Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!
For him the jackals loudly howled; him did the
wolves deplore;
His death the very lion from the glade, lamented
o'er.
Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!
And many cows were round his feet, and many
bulls were near,
And many calves and heifers too, bewailed their
master dear.
Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!
First Hermes from the mountain came, and said
"O Daphnis mine!
With whom art thou so much in love? For
whom, my friend, dost pine?"
Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!
And cowherds came, and shepherds came, and
goatherds crowded fast;

They all inquired what ill was thine; Priapus
came the last,
And said "Poor Daphnis, why art thou thus
wasting? while the maid,
O'er many a rugged mountain top, o'er many a
grassy glade,
Has fled to seek another man,* and left thee
desolate.
Ah, truly thou art sick of love, and very hard
thy fate!"
But nothing said the swain to them; his bitter
love for aye
He brooded o'er and cherished it, unto his dying
day.

Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!

And Venus sweetly laughing came to triumph
o'er her foe.

(A pleasant smile was on her lips; a heavy heart
below).

"And did'st thou, Daphnis, boast o'er love to
gain the victory?

And hath not love, a grievous love, been victor
over thee?"

Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!

"O Venus, hard and cruel one!" made answer
Daphnis then,

"O Venus very blamable! O Venus curst of
men!

And dost thou think already, that my sun for age
hath set?

Daphnis shall e'en in Hades feel the pangs of
Eros yet."

Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!

"Steal off to Ida, where they say the cowherd
once to thee —

Go to Anchises! there are oaks; here only reeds
to see;

And pleasant is the swarming hum of many a
honey bee."

Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!

"Adonis too is in his prime, for well he tends
his ewes,

And shoots the trembling antelopes, and savage
beasts pursues."

Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!

"Yet once again approaching him, say thus to
Diomed,

"The cowherd Daphnis yields to me; come thou
and fight instead!"

Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!

"Wolves, jackals, cavern-loving bears, ye moun-
tain-dwelling brood,

Farewell! Herd Daphnis never more shall meet
you in the wood,

Nor in the thicket nor the groves. O Arethuse,
farewell!

And rivers all, whose lovely streams from Thym-
bris downward swell!"

Begin the lay Bucolical, dear muses mine,
begin!

"And whether thou, O Pan, upon Lyceus' range
should'st be,

Or traversing great Mænalus, come thou to
Sicily!

And leave the tomb of Helice, the fun'ral pillar
high,

Of Lycæonides, though loved by dwellers in the
sky."

Leave off the lay Bucolical, go muses, leave the
lay!

"Come royal Pan, and take from me this pipe so
sweet to play.

(Its stops are of the closest wax, its mouth is
wreathed well).

For now indeed this love of mine is dragging me
to hell."

Leave off the lay Bucolical, go muses, leave the
lay!

* Our translation here is founded on an emendation of
C. Wordsworth, *ἂ δὲ ἐ κῶπα* for the old reading *ἂ δὲ τὴ*
κῶπα confirmed by the parallel passage in Virgil.

"Galle quid insanis? ait, tua cura Lycoris
Perque nives alium perque horrida castra secuta est."

"Let brambles, yes, let sharpest thorns bear
violets to-day,
Let bushes of the juniper sprout with narcissus
fine.

Let everything be interchanged, and pears grow
on the pine;

Since Daphnis dieth. Now indeed let stags the
staghounds tear,

And mountain owls for singing with nightingales
compare."

Leave off the lay Bucolical, go muses, leave
the lay.

So much he said, and nothing more. His song
for aye was done.

Him Venus would have lifted up, but ah his
thread was spun;

And Daphnis to the river went. Away the eddy
bore,

The man whom every muse did love, nor any
nymph abhor.

CARL BENSON.

Philological Researches.

MAINE YANKEEISMS.

IN no part of the country will the primitive, terse, and expressive language of Shakspeare, Milton, and the translators of the Bible, be found so distinctly preserved as in the State of Maine. Her severe climate, and thin soil present few attractions to the immigrant, and hence her population is nearly free from foreign admixture. For a long number of years, likewise, she was held as an appendage to the State of Massachusetts, which aided not a little in giving her an isolated and provincial character, little favorable to change or progress. In this way her inhabitants, though not a whit behind those of other states in enterprise and intelligence, have preserved a dialect peculiar to themselves, and which strikes a stranger as something odd, if not uncultivated. It has received various names, such as Yankee style, Major Downing style, &c., but is, in fact, the finest, truest, and most apposite mode of language which a strong, direct utterance could require; the language in which Shakspeare found freedom and space for his great imaginings, and which the learned translators of our Scriptures have made the utterance of prayer and praise throughout Anglo Saxon Christendom.

The ridicule of those ignorant of this fact has done much to banish many words from the lips of the polite, which might justly be retrieved; and even among the common people, the quaint and often most beautiful old modes of expression are fast falling into disuse. They are getting ridiculed out of their mother tongue. They are laying aside a portion of their honor, becoming "shorn of their beams;" losing the links which bound them to our princes in literature, and to that pure, and most remarkable class of men, ridiculed as Puritans, who wrought out the Commonwealth of England, and gave to that nation a tangible and tenacious hold upon human rights.

This is much to be regretted, but no help remains for it, unless we can teach our people to elaborate their own opinions, instead of receiving them second-hand, from second-rate thinkers abroad. We were once struck by overhearing a housewife say to the "small servant,"

"Now, Jane, dont dally, but do up the chores and then play."

She blushed exceedingly at our expressions of delight, as if we had caught her napping, but when we assured her that our delight was genuine, when we turned to Shakspeare and showed her how he wrote not only of kings

and queens, but spoke of her that does the "meanest chores;" and showed how he made the brave John Talbot implore the messenger to "dally not," she promised to still preserve the obnoxious words in her vocabulary.

Nor glossary nor commentary is needed for the understanding of the great dramatist there, for those who understand it all are but reading household words, where the sense must perforce be entirely obvious. The school-boy who overleaps a long word, has "skipped" it, as Arviragus at the sight of the dead Imogen would rather,

"Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty."

The appetite is "cloyed" as Bolingbroke interrogates.

"Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?"

They have a "conceit" of what will follow in the same way as the queen of Richard says,

"conceit is still deriving
From some fear-fallen grief."

As for the merry knight, one would think that Falstaff had made a pilgrimage there, and left a bequest of odd phrases, "too dark to see your hand before you," "as merry as crickets," and "plenty as blackberries" are in proof.

Excellent, conscientious people, they never swear, but "a plague upon it" is the harmless malediction as from the lips of the irritated Hotspur. The women never swear "a good mouth filling oath" as he bade the gentle Kate, in proof she was a lady, but mince "as true as I live," "as sure as day," after the manner of the wife of Percy.

Your pardon reader, but "spue" and "puke" are the expressive words yet in vogue, which Carlyle has tried to re-introduce into literature, but which, perhaps, are quite too significant, although the scripture phrase, "I will spue thee out of my mouth," and the "infant muling and puking in its nurse's arms" of Shakspeare might be cited in justification.

So too the word "sick" is used in its original sense, the flimsy word "ill" never having made its way where people talk as Shakspeare did, and say with Imogen,

"I should be sick,
But that my resolution holds me."

And again:

"I am very sick,
So sick I am not—yet I am not well."

A graceless youth they call a "runagate" as Colin did; a pretext is a "fetch" as with poor Lear; to go is to "budge" as with the "dainty Ariel." They tell of a "pack" of lies, a "pack" of nonsense, as did Proteus of a "pack of sorrows." "Admire" is used in its primitive sense, to wonder at, be astonished.

"I perceive these lords
At this rencontre do so much admire
That they devour their reason."

So too, their infants are unadulterated, they do not "nurse," but "suck,"* as did those of the hardy lady Mackbeth.

"I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,"

a speech as touching as it is beautiful. The babies are "tetchy" too, as was the impas-

sioned Juliet, and as the tristful mother of Richard declares of him,

"Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy."

A report or rumor is still called a "bruit," after the manner of the faith-bereaved Timon.

"I am not one
That rejoices in the common wreck
As common bruit doth put it."

and the word is used in the same style by the evangelist John.

To be ready of speech is to have a "glib tongue."

"All do follow fanning there
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and severe quality."

Witticisms are "quilllets," to find fault is to "carp," a bustle or vexation is a "pothor," as in *Coriolanus*. To weep bitterly is to "take on," ruffle or frill is a "wimple," &c.

Innumerable examples further might be cited in proof of our position, that what have been ridiculed as Yankeeisms are Shaksperianisms, Miltonisms! The word "homely" is still used there in the sense of Milton, "ugly" being always applied to moral not physical qualities.

"It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence."

The legitimate word "guess," so interdicted as a Yankeeism, is constantly used by the best writers from Chaucer to Byron. We trust the subject of provincialisms will be treated with more respect in times to come, most especially when, as in the present age, it may be fairly cited as proof of blood.

Foreign Correspondence.

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN TEN WEEKS.

Brief daily notes of a business man, on the way to and from Naples, with his wife, in 1847.

NO. III.—FOUR DAYS.

Pompeii—Environs of Naples—Museum Bourbonico—Ohurches, etc.—Vesuvius.

March 13th, 20th day.—Quiet, mild, and lovely morning; saw the sun rise brilliantly over Vesuvius; engaged clever valet and fiacre. Called on Mr. Hammett, American Consul; no tickets given at present for the royal palaces or the secret museum. Called on Signor Lacaya: then *en route* for POMPEII and HERCULANEUM! Our fiacre being as cheap as the railway and decidedly more appropriate for such a visit. Passed along the "port," the fisherman's quai, the square where Masaniello commenced his revolt: road winds along the bay (Vesuvius always in view on the left), lined with villages and macaroni (the latter suspended in quantities for drying), villas with gardens of grapes and oranges stretching down to the bay, or towards the mountain and visible through the open-worked gate: first village Portici, where a royal palace is built over and on both sides of the road, and splendid gardens and orange trees loaded with fruit may be seen through the court yards: then Torre del Greco, St. Giovanni, Resina and dell' Annunciata and reach the "strada Pompeii" and the gate of the "city of the dead," but no Pompeii is visible—a mound of excavated earth is the only outward sign of its whereabouts. Pass the first gate which appears to lead only into a vineyard, for we are bound first to a little inn on the road near the other gate, where we propose to revive our classical enthusiasm by a good breakfast, for even Pompeii may be tedious on an empty stomach, and our ride, with the fine bracing air has given us an appetite. The host

has gone out "gunning," and we pause for entrance, but he comes at last,—a jolly fellow enough,—bustles about and soon produces a very comfortable dejeuner, enlivened by music of a band of three, who give us some very pretty airs, but won't sing Masaniello music, for that is prohibited! And now for Pompeii! Gateway humble and unpromising; old cicerone lives just inside: takes us first into a small theatre; and a strange sensation it is, in first viewing this excavated city—one-third of it now open to daylight; streets with the original pavements of large, irregular stones or lava, with side walks; the carriage path about ten feet wide, and showing the marks worn in them by the wheels 2000 years ago! Path through a vineyard (over the part yet unexcavated), to the Amphitheatre, 4th mile from the excavations, and built just within the city walls; its size is immense, having seats for 30,000 people; corridors, passages to the seats, den for the wild beasts, another for the victims, &c., &c.; the building almost entire and the materials sound. Returned to the city; visited the "House of the Faun," the "house of Sallust;" numerous private houses with gardens, baths, &c., but all on a compact and even miniature scale, making the most of every inch of room; the floors in mosaic, and walls painted in fresco: most of the decorations and all the movable articles have been removed to Naples, but a few specimens of the mosaics and frescos remain as they were excavated, fresh and bright! Walked on through street after street, turning the corners and walking on the trottoirs as did the Pompeians on their "last day:" to the Forum, the temple of Jupiter, the temples of Isis, of Venus; the Tribunal and prison—all distinctly defined by the shattered columns left standing as they were found: street of shops, with the money-worn counters, &c.; wine merchants, etc. Three or four guides turn up for different portions of the "spoil," but our valet resists, and we keep our old patriarch to the end; leave by the "Street of Tombs" outside of the old city; visit the house of Diomed, the first discovered, and the largest private house yet found in Pompeii—its cellars very extensive, and still contain some of the jars once filled with wine, but now full of lava and ashes (vide Last Days of Pompeii); and here finished a half a day among the ruins of Pompeii! and what spot on earth more interesting? Jumped into fiacre; "stop at Herculaneum:" "Si Signor;" go back towards Naples; enter Portici again, and stop in the principal street: coachman rings a bell at a little gate; we descend, and over the gate is the word **ERCOLANO**! A man opens the gate, receives us as a matter of course, lights some candles at his cottage, gives us one apiece, and bids us follow. We descend a flight of stairs under ground and dark as Egypt, and come, at length, to the remains of a large theatre—not in the open air or standing by itself, but seen by scraps only, imbedded in solid lava, nearly as hard as the original stone of the building: all that is clearly defined is the width of the stage, orchestra, and pit, and some of the seats of the amphitheatre, showing it to be larger than San Carlo at Naples, and consequently larger than any theatre in Europe at present. On each side of the stage, in front, are pedestals, on which were found equestrian statues in bronze, now in the museum at Naples. The impression of a mask is to be seen in one of the walls, of lava, showing that it must have entered in a liquid state. Every window and crevice completely filled with the burning liquid lava. No more excavations shown at Herculaneum, and we ascend into daylight and find the "busy hum of life" still active in the street immediately over the buried scene of pleasure which suddenly met this dreadful doom 2000 years ago. On towards Naples; stopped at the palace at Portici: "No admission without tickets from the Chamberlain," but our valet is not unsophisticated, and his promise to the royal custode of an extra carline or two, produces an open sesame. Palaces are much alike all over the world, but this

* Lamb and Wordsworth have both adhered to this word, much to the horror of Faidon, the remarkable sonnet of the former, the "Gipsy Mother," was rejected by the publishers of an annual for which it was written, as unfit for "ears pollicie," alas!!

is somewhat peculiar—built for warm weather, and only occupied two months in summer—the floors of stone and brick, waxed in red and yellow, and without carpets,—looking “nice and cool.”—handsome apartments; portraits of Murat, Joseph Bonaparte, and Napoleon; fine mosaic table, radiating from the centre, brought from Pompeii; a superb modern porcelain table, with exquisite vignette views of Naples, and in Pompeii. Beautiful gardens and terrace extending to the bay; another carline smooths the way to the terrace, from which we see a fine military parade in the gardens with an extensive band of music: the regiment marches out towards Naples just as we start, so we have their escort before and behind all the way, and enter Naples in regal style, reaching the hotel at 7 P.M., after a day of intense interest.

March 14th, 21st day.—Took fiacre for excursion to lake Agnano; passed along the CHIATA, a beautiful promenade on the margin of the bay, having on the other side the chief fashionable street of Naples; at the exit from the city passed through the GROTTA OF PAUSILLIPO, an ancient tunnel about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and nearly 100 feet high, cut through a solid hill of rock, on the west side of Naples: a curious and wonderful work: old “hermit” lives just inside and levies contributions from strangers: the lake of Agnano about two miles in circuit, royal property and full of fish and mineral properties: the King has a “hunting box” near by. GROTTA DEL CANE near the lake; strong and poisonous mineral vapor in it, rises about eight inches from the ground, and can be taken up in one’s hand: saw a dog placed in it one minute, and taken out in apparent convulsions; would have died in half a minute more, but soon recovered in the open air and as well as ever: paid four carlines for the dog’s services and two for his master’s; then explored some sulphur caves of extraordinary heat and power—the rocks so hot that you cannot bear your hand on them—sulphur baths, some of them the same used by ancient Romans, who had villas in this vicinity,—ruins of an ancient villa near the caves. Returned to Naples by another road, through a valley and over the hill of Pausillipo, which we had passed under before: a magnificent view on the Naples side of the hill, extending far down the bay, to the islands, over the city, to Vesuvius, and the villages at its base, and to the eastern shores of the bay, where are Castel-a-Mare, Sorrento, &c. The road along the hill lined with villas, vineyards, and gardens, a delightful situation; returned to the city, visited two or three churches, and then to hotel: paid coachman three carlines (21 cents) per hour, instead of five carlines which the rogue asked. Evening; curious scene from our windows,—the procession of the Host, attended by torches, banners, and a squadron of ragged boys, to the house of a sick person near by.

March 15th, 22d day.—Visited the great MUSEUM (BOURBONICO), an immense building in a quadrangle: in the centre are the colossal equestrian statues from the theatre at Herculaneum: ground floor contains ancient sculpture, many pieces of great beauty and value, and wonderfully well preserved, such as the Venus—the rival of the Medicean, and a beautiful work: a colossal Hercules; Bacchus and Faun; statues of Julius and Augustus Caesar; an immense vase from Pompeii, &c.: gallery of pictures, but nothing very remarkable: gallery of bronzes, very celebrated; among others a drunken Faun: gallery of Etruscan Vases, and of ornaments, household utensils, mosaics, rings, bracelets, &c., from Pompeii, showing that Pompeian jewellers had taste and skill not much behind the moderns. Library; principal room of vast size, with a fine echo in it; large collection;—saw a very curious early MSS. Bible, &c. Church of St. Francisco di Paulo; circular, like dome of U. S. Capitol; interior richly ornamented with marbles, and has a splendid Grecian portico of white Carrara marble;—the King’s pew or “private box” in the gallery, at aristocratic, or rather regal dis-

tance from all other worshippers; colossal statues, of white marble, of St. Paul, St. Mark, and the early fathers, in the interior of the church. Saw a funeral on expensive scale, in Church of St. Ferdinand, near the palace, the church being darkened and completely hung with black. Chapel of St. Maria della Pietà di Sangro, old and dilapidated, but containing three extraordinary and beautiful statues in marble, viz., a dead Christ, and allegorical figures of “Modesty” and of “Fortitude,” the latter enveloped in a marble net work of wonderful workmanship. The drapery of “Modesty” curiously transparent, and displaying the figure most admirably. Found the Hotel des Princes people had played me a shabby trick;—assured me solemnly that they had taken our places for Rome the day we arrived, and now we find they had done no such thing, and there are no places; cut them and went to the Hotel N. York.

March 16th, 23d day.—Church of St. Gesu Nuovo; large and magnificent, but too much loaded with ornament: the arches on each side the grand altar have a fine effect: saw the sacrament administered to a promiscuous company, a handsomely dressed lady kneeling by the side of a beggar in rags: Catholic religion democratic in some particulars. Cathedral; lofty and grand, and recently restored, with vignette paintings in the high arches: sacrament again, and numerous visitors to the confessionals; the confessor and the penitent both visible to everybody, and not concealed as I had supposed. Made purchases of some lava ornaments, &c., at Chiaja, and at 12 set off for VESUVIUS, in company with our friends Doctors R. and W., who had picked us up again at the Museum: carriage to Resina: there stopped at a nest of guides and took a supply in tow, with horses: rode along rough lanes with a gradual ascent for three or four miles, and in two hours reached the “Hermitage,” a bit of a hut, and passed the Observatory, where (says our guide), the King comes when he loses his appetite. Overtook a party of ladies and young misses ascending Vesuvius in very gay silks and satins, fit for a botanical fête; they soon give it up in despair, and return after a half a day’s toilsome journey for nothing. From the Hermitage the path becomes still rougher, and leads over vast fields of lava in masses, the travelling being anything but smooth, and giving us an hour’s more work to the base of the steep ascent—the mountain “proper.” There found a squadron of some 30 guides ready to earn ducats by carrying up the ladies, and pulling up the men. Negotiations between them and our valet rather amusing; our valet a man of few words—shrewd and cool, and more like a Yankee than an Italian—indeed his name is Joseph Lewis, and he has the appearance of being a cross of the two races, though an Italian by birth. The mountaineers demand 3 dollars for an 8-manned chair for madame; Lewis offers \$1 $\frac{1}{2}$; refused:—we proceed towards the mountain: they follow, all talking at once, like so many savages: we commence the ascent: chairmen propose \$2.50: Lewis shakes his head: we get up about one-fourth of the ascent, which is almost perpendicular, and becomes rather fearful: Lewis telegraphs the men below, and they telegraph back again, both with their fingers: I advise Lewis to close the bargain, for C. can go no further, and would be sadly disappointed if turned back: Lewis inexorable as a stoic—“leave it to me.” climb a few steps further; Lewis tells C. she must go down again with one of our horse-guides; so down she goes pell-mell through the sand and ashes, takes the arm of the guide and walks back towards the Hermitage, to the astonishment of the Doctors above and the chairmen below; Lewis holds up two fingers; chairmen do ditto, with a supplementary sign; Lewis translates that the bargain is closed at \$2, and a *buono-mano*: he shouts to the guide who is with C., and they are soon surrounded with the chattering chairmen, and she is mounted in the chair on the shoulders of eight of them with four to relieve, and up they come puffing after

us at a fearful rate: another one hands me a rope tied to his waist, to help me along; that means three or four carlines and don’t help much either, so his services are soon declined. Ascent awfully steep—but a half hour’s resolute exertion brings us to the summit—or rather to the lower or outside crater, for there is still another steep conical ascent to the present burning crater, now so actively puffing out fire and smoke through the crevices in the sides that mortal man can dare no further. Here we are, though, in a vast field of lava and black cinders, desolate and sublime enough to be the portal of Pandemonium. Another scene with the guides; Lewis pays them, “as per agreement,” precise as a Wall-street broker; and further demands, of, or before him, they know to be useless; but the way they “edge round” Madame, and slyly coax her for a little more *buono-mano*, is very droll. Off they are at last, eager for the next ascenders. Seat ourselves on the lava and discuss some very black bread and some Vesuvius-boiled eggs, supplied by an old man of the mountain at 500 per cent advance, in spite of the metropolitan soldier posted here by government to protect travellers from banditti! Then climbed over the cinders,—treading now and then right over live coals,—to the stream of burning, liquid lava, running down like a rivulet, red hot from the crater—an eternal, fearful, stream of liquid fire! Guides drop some American coins into it and bring them to us well set in the hard lava, certificates of our having reached the top of Vesuvius: safe investment of specie. Descent of the cone soon accomplished, as we come down pell-mell, nearly knee deep in the sand: left the top at 5 P.M., took horses again and reached Portici by moonlight, at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Naples at 9 1-2 P.M., all sound in wind and limb.

Home Correspondence.

PUBLISHERS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

To the Editor of the Literary World.

Permit me to inquire through your valuable periodical, who stands between the author and the public? Is there any one besides the publisher? Is there any literary Nestor who reviews manuscripts, and to whom the acceptance or rejection of books is intrusted? If there is, he is known to the publishers and not to the author. The latter must, therefore, offer his book to the publishers. They, I suppose, may pursue any course deemed most prudent in ascertaining whether it will be their interest or loss to buy, or act as agents.

The publisher is not the “patron,” he does not endorse the books he may publish. If I were in search of a patron I would prefer England to this country.

Ought a publisher to refuse to examine a new work? This depends upon the character of the work, and that of the publisher. If he restricts himself to one kind of books, and the work offered does not belong to his catalogue, he refuses to look at it. He may also apprehend from the source that it is some catchpenny, or trifling effort; or he may have as much literary matter on hand as he wishes to superintend.

I have written a work (a small one) which professes to establish the science of history. Owing to my ignorance of the character of different houses, I am at a loss in offering it.

NOVUS AUCTOR.

We fear we can hardly reply to the above to the full satisfaction of the writer. His inquiry covers very wide ground. In those European publishing houses which deal only with copyright works, we believe a corps of “Readers” is considered as essential a part of the establishment as the printers, the clerks, or the pressmen. But in this country,—where the getter-up of books is rather a merchant, who deals in articles already known to the trade, and for which there is a specific demand, than a Publisher, who embarks in un-

tried literary enterprises, and therefore has need of the counsels of men of letters—we should not think that the number of original works issued in the course of the year by any house on this side of the water, would warrant them in keeping a salaried person properly qualified to examine MSS., for this purpose exclusively.

The examination of unprinted copyright books, then, must be only incidental to the other duties of any reader who may be employed by our more flourishing firms; and the duty of such reader is probably limited to the simple matter of the demand in our book market for the European work which is submitted to him for re-publication, which he is to answer as he would any other question of business upon which he is called to give an opinion. This relation to the house which employs him, will thus naturally govern him in passing his opinion upon the occasional MSS. which are submitted to his inspection. He is not there to judge about introducing a new poet, or philosopher, or literary or scientific system to the world. His province is simply as a business man to decide upon the business eligibility of adopting the work upon whose marketable merits he is called to give an opinion. *Novus Auctor's* MS. work may have given such a "reader" the highest opinion of his literary abilities, yet if the reader thinks that his work will not be generally appreciated, in other words, will not sell, his duty to the book merchant who employs him is to advise him "not to deal in the article;" nor has "*Novus Auctor*," or any other author, a right to go behind this decision, either with the book merchant or his reader.

With a house dealing primarily and avowedly in copyright works, had we any such house, the case might be different. For a PUBLISHER, in the highest meaning of the phrase, is something more than either a merchant or a manufacturer. Every new book which he publishes is necessarily an enterprise—an experiment. His office is not to feed a market, but to call into being new staples of commerce, and that in the very highest range of commerce. And if he has occasion to reject a MS. work, such rejection may be considered a fair test of its literary value in one quarter at least: for if the work has literary value it is alike the vocation and the ambition of the true Publisher to incur the risk and expense of making it known, and bringing over the public to his own judgment. We have as yet no such class of men in this country, but among the members of the book trade there is plenty of fine material for it; and we are convinced that with the passage of an international copyright law there will grow up among us a class of Publishers such as Europe has never yet seen. We have the greatest book market that the world has known; and let the intelligence, the enterprise, and daring which our countrymen show in other branches of commerce—other fields of enterprise—be adequately brought to bear in this, (as it only can be brought to bear by making copyright as stable and as enduring as any other property), and the American Publisher will soon become noted for uniting business and mental qualities in the same character which will be found in no other class of men; while his copyrights will be to him in another era what his rent-roll is to the landlord of our day.

BURN'S TEST OF GOODNESS.

"But deep this proof impressed upon my mind
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God."

Scientific Proceedings.

SEVENTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

PROF. NILSSON read a paper "On the Elevation and Depression of the Surface of Scandinavia." The subsidence of the extreme southern part of Sweden in comparatively recent times is indicated by the occurrence of peat-bogs in Scania, from 14 to 20 feet below the level of the Baltic, yet containing human skeletons and weapons, associated with the bones of the *Aurochs* and other existing animals. Further north, instead of the land subsiding, it has long been rising higher from the sea; raised beaches, and terraces of gravel containing sea-shells and human skulls, of Celtic races, have been for some time well known.

MR. PHILLIPS considered these evidences of the gradual elevation of one portion of Sweden, attended with the equally gradual subsidence of another, as amongst the most valuable aids to the interpretation of ancient phenomena; for although there was no evidence that our own coast was now undergoing similar changes, yet the cause was not extinct in nature, which had produced such changes here, in more ancient times. Prof. Sedgwick adverted to the well-known fact of the organic remains of marine animals being found in situations far removed from the sea, and at great elevations, "even to the bristling crests of the Alps and Andes;" these facts were admitted in proof of the elevation of the land—not of the subsidence of the sea. The instructive phenomena still witnessed in Sweden were not, however, to be taken as a measure of the forces employed by nature in all parts of the world and in all time; such gradual movements might continue for a long period producing a dome-shaped elevation of a portion of the earth's crust, but whenever the expansive force below overcame the tension of the upheaved strata, a succession of catastrophes might follow, totally unlike the slow changes which preceded; the broken strata might be contorted, or displaced hundreds of fathoms, and movements produced in the ocean itself, effecting greater changes on the coasts than a million years of gradual erosion.

MR. EARLE exhibited a large bone of the *Pliosaurus*, and other fossils from the Kimmeridge clay near Oxford, and the Dean of Westminster a brick from Babylon, stamped with the maker's name, or perhaps the royal mark, and the footprint of a dog on one side, and on the other a coating of bitumen with the impression of the reeds used to stiffen the cement.

H. E. STRICKLAND, Esq., "On the history of the Dodo and other Allied Species of Birds." He showed from historical data that each of the three islands of the Indo-African Ocean—Mauritius, Rodriguez, and Bourbon—was originally inhabited by peculiar species of brevipennate birds, all of which were speedily destroyed by the early colonists. Mauritius was the birth-place of the Dodo: the first notice of which was not, as erroneously stated, by Vasco de Gama (who never visited Mauritius), but by Van Neck, a Dutchman, in 1598. Several successive voyagers mention the bird, down to Cauche in 1628; and in the latter year a live specimen was brought to London, and was described by Sir Hamon Lestrange. The pictorial evidence respecting the Dodo consists of four oil paintings: one in the British Museum, without the artist's name; one at the Hague, and another at Berlin, by Roland Savery; and one at Oxford, by John Savery, his nephew. All these are evidently from one design, and may have been drawn from a specimen which Van Neck brought to Holland. The osteological evidences of the Dodo consist of the foot in the British Museum, the head and foot at Oxford, and a head lately discovered at Copenhagen. The three former specimens were exhibited; and a cast of the latter had also been sent for the meeting, but was detained by the vexatious formalities of the London custom-house. The Oxford head and

foot have been recently dissected; and from the characters thus exposed it is certain that the Dodo was not related either to the gallinaceous birds, the ostriches, or the vultures, as others have conjectured—but is closely allied to the pigeons. With the exception of its short wings, it approaches greatly to the *Trerons*, or fruit-pigeons; and still more to the *Didunculus*, a kind of pigeon from the Samoan Islands, of which the only specimen in Europe was exhibited at the meeting. The author supposed that the Dodo fed upon the cocoa-nuts, mangos, and other fruits which in tropical forests fall from the trees at all seasons of the year. The lecturer then drew attention to the island of Rodriguez, visited in 1691 by Leguat, who has given a description and figure of a brevipennate bird which he calls the *Solitaire*. Several bones of this bird, from the Museums of Paris and of Glasgow, were on the table; and a comparison of them with those of the Dodo clearly proved that the *Solitaire* was an allied, but distinct species, longer legged than the Dodo, and related, like it, to the pigeons. It was next shown, from the narratives of several voyagers, that the island of Bourbon was also formerly inhabited by two species of short-winged birds of the same abnormal group as the Dodo and the *Solitaire*. Unfortunately, we have as yet no osseous remains of these birds from Bourbon: but they might doubtless be procured from the caves and alluvial deposits of that island; and by similar researches in Mauritius and Rodriguez, the entire skeletons of this remarkable family of extinct birds might be reconstructed.

DR. MELVILLE, who has lately made a minute examination of the head and foot of the Dodo, drew attention to some additional characters, which confirmed Mr. Strickland's view of the affinities of that bird to the pigeons. The Prince of Canino stated that he was convinced that the Dodo was neither a vulture nor an ostrich; but he must differ from his friend, Mr. Strickland, in placing it amongst the Pigeons. He believed it was as much like the Gallinæ. The stones found in its gizzard did not prove it a Pigeon. The sternum resembled more that of gallinaceous birds or even the struthious than that of the Pigeons. Dr. Melville maintained that the sternum of Dodo more nearly resembled those of the Pigeons than of any other family. The skin of the Dodo proved that it was a Pigeon. Mr. Phillip Duncan stated that the notices of the habits of the Dodo were quite opposed to the notion that it was a Pigeon. It was evidently not a frugivorous bird, as when first taken its flesh was so distasteful and smelt so badly that no one would attempt to eat it. He believed it a bird *sui generis*.—*Athenæum*.

THE PATENT MILE INDEX.—A contrivance for measuring and indicating the distance travelled by carriages has been invented by Mr. H. Von Uster. The invention is equally applicable to private carriages as to cabs and other public vehicles; one of its advantages being that there is nothing unsightly in the apparatus,—which can scarcely be seen when the carriage is in motion. A plano-spiral rotator is concealed within the hoop of the nave of one of the hind wheels, and gives action to a shaft or small rod of iron which is carried horizontally nearly as far as the opposite wheel. At this point a universal joint connects the horizontal with the vertical rod, which latter continues the action into the body of the carriage under the seat. Here two or three wheels give motion to a suitable shaft or chain, which is concealed between the pannells of one side of the carriage, and terminates near the roof in a dial plate provided with two faces, one inside for the use of the passenger, and the other outside, in which the driver and his fare can together note the position of the hands before the latter steps into the cab. Both dials have exactly the face of a clock; being each furnished with an hour and a minute hand, and hours, half-hours, and minutes being indicated on the dial precisely as in the ordinary time-piece. As the hands perform the

circuit of the dial, the divisions of hours, half-hours, and minutes correspond exactly with the miles, half-miles, and fractions of a mile actually traversed by the vehicle. Thus, if the dials indicate 20 minutes past 12 when the passenger enters the cab, he will know that he has travelled exactly a mile when the dial within points to 20 minutes past 1—a mile and a half when it points to 10 minutes to 2—two miles when it arrives at 20 minutes past 2—and so on. A small circle within the dial face, with a pointer answering to the second hands of a watch, enables the owner of the carriage to satisfy himself as to the total number of miles which the vehicle has travelled in any given period. The passenger is thus supplied with a perfect check against overcharge; while the proprietor has the means of knowing the amount of mileage actually performed.—*Id.*

Glimpses of Books.

THE ANTE-DILUVIAN SEAS.—"Crowds of sharks hovered about, feeding upon the larger forms. There were also numerous other animals belonging to those remarkable groups which I have attempted to describe in some detail. Imagine, then, one of these monstrous animals, a *Plesiosaurus*, some sixteen or twenty feet long, with a small wedge-shaped, crocodilian head, a long arched, serpent-like neck, a short, compact body, provided with four large and powerful paddles almost developed into hands; an animal not covered with brilliant scales, but with a black slimy skin. Imagine for a moment this creature slowly emerging from the muddy banks, and half walking, half creeping along, making its way towards the nearest water. Arrived at the water, we can understand from its structure that it was likely to exhibit greater energy. Unlike the crocodile tribe however, in all its proportions, it must have been equally dissimilar in habit. Perhaps, instead of concealing itself in mud or among rushes, it would swim at once boldly and directly to the attack. Its enormous neck stretched out to its full length, and its tail acting as a rudder, the powerful and frequent strokes of its four large paddles would at once give it an impulse, sending it through the water at a very rapid rate. When within reach of its prey we almost fancy that we see it drawing back its long neck as it depressed its body in the water, until the strength of the muscular apparatus with which this neck was provided, and the great additional impetus given by the rapid advance of the animal, would combine to produce a stroke from the pointed head which few living animals could resist. The fishes, including perhaps even the sharks, the larger cuttle-fish, and innumerable inhabitants of the sea, would fall an easy prey to this monster. But now let us see what goes on in the deeper abysses of the ocean, where a free space is given for the operations of that fiercely carnivorous marine reptile, the *Ichthyosaurus*. Prowling about at a great depth, where the reptilian structure of its lungs and the bony apparatus of the ribs would allow it to remain for a long time without coming to the air to breathe, we may fancy we see this strange animal, with its enormous eyes directed upwards, and glaring like globes of fire; its length is some thirty or forty feet, its head being six or eight feet long; and it has paddles and tail like a shark; its whole energies are fixed on what is going on above, where the *Plesiosaurus* or some giant shark is seen devouring its prey. Suddenly, striking with its short but compact paddles, and obtaining a powerful impetus by flapping its large tail, the monster darts through the water at a rate which the eye can scarcely follow towards the surface. The vast jaws, lined with formidable rows of teeth, soon open wide to their full extent; the object of attack is approached—is overtaken. With a motion quicker than thought the jaws are snapped together, and the work is done. The monster, becoming gorged, floats languidly near the surface, with a portion of the top of its head and its nostrils visible, like

an island covered with black mud, above the water. Such scenes as these must have been every day enacted during the many ages when the waters of the ocean were spread over what is now land in the eastern hemisphere, and when the land then adjacent provided the calcareous mud now forming the lias."—*Professor Ansted's Picturesque Sketches of Creation.*

SCENERY OF CEYLON.—We arrived at the old Dutch gate, which now is quite green with moss; and opposite to it was the place destined to receive us—an open old-fashioned looking building of a single story, surrounded with an airy verandah. Over the entrance there is a vane, with the date 1687. It was the "Queen's House," or government buildings. The interior consisted of large rooms with stone floors:—three of these were allotted to us. They were provided with doors to the galleries on each side, which supplied the place of windows, and contained nothing but immense bedsteads, eight feet square, with muslin curtains. A glimpse into the court soon tempted us from our cool, open lodgings into the open air. What a glory of red and yellow hibiscus! What lovely, thickly grown violet turf, such as I had never seen since I was in England! Here grew the splendid plumbia, with its deliciously fragrant scent; there bananas of giant size; papay, and bread-fruit trees, reared their lofty heads over the wall. We descended a flight of steps, green with the continued warm moisture of the climate, into the shrubbery, a kind of wilderness, peopled with countless species of living creatures. * * * It can hardly be described what a strange impression the abundance of tropical nature—the warm moist air, heavy with the fragrance of spices and cocoa-nut oil—the fairy-like glimpses of light piercing with broken but vivid rays through the bushy crowns of the palm-trees—makes on the traveller. Thickets of rich blooming yellow, blue, and red, and bell-shaped flowers embower the cleanly dwelling-houses which built in the antique Dutch fashion, with a small verandah at one side, border the road all the way to Colombo. Old Dutch inscriptions are met with everywhere, on aged brick walls, half decayed by time and weather, and overgrown with the greenest moss,—as if the region had long since been forsaken by living men. Everything produces on the mind an impression of dreamy quiet. * * * Myriads of slender green snakes glide under the leafy bushes; crabs of the brightest colors run to and fro amongst the stones, and, when pursued, take refuge with hasty sidelong bounds beneath the closely matted creepers of the beautiful red-flowering *astragalus*. The anannas and the pandang flourish here, as wild plants on the drier rocks, with no other nutriment. It would seem, than what they draw from the continual moisture of the air.—*Hoffmeister's Letters from India.*

THE RAIL AS A MEANS OF DEFENCE.—The news of the abdication of James II. was three months reaching the Orkneys. How soon would the rail, the coach, and the steam-ship tell the bold descendants of the sea-king to gird on their swords, if a foreign foe should dare to plant his foot on British soil. Invasion! It is a joke. Invasion! Open the map of England, and show the spot from the North Foreland to the Land's End where the army of 100,000 men could not be gathered in twenty-four hours. Look, especially, at the most accessible coast, where Cæsar landed his legions and Horsa his rabble. How many hours would it require to empty the arsenals of Woolwich upon Southampton, or Brighton, or Hastings, or Folkestone, with a coast line uninterruptedly communicating with London as a common centre? No, no. The Land we Live in said, "Come if you dare," in the days before steam had remodelled its communications. The first pulsation of the electro-telegraph that proclaimed an hostile fleet in the Channel would have an answering movement from the Admiralty that would make the island throb to its remotest extremities. Invade a

country that could collect the sturdiest of its population upon any given point within eight-and-forty hours, and provide them with all the materials of war in half the same time! The thing is too ludicrous! The colliers of Nothumberland could be whirled from the north to the south by the fuel that their sturdy hands have brought to the surface; and they alone would be a host to sweep the aggressor from our earth.—*The Land we Live in*, by Charles Knight.

A HINT TO FARMERS.—When our calves and lambs are taken too soon from the dam, and turned with little or no experience into the pasture, they eat indiscriminately every herb that presents itself, and many are lost. Had they been suffered to browse a little while, or a little longer, with the mother, she would have taught them to distinguish the sweet and wholesome herbage from the deleterious and destructive. This is a point of agricultural economy not sufficiently attended to.—*Youatt's Veterinary Lectures.*

CLASSICALITY OF THE LONDON TAVERN SIGNS.—It is curious that when we speak of "Whitbread's *Entire*," &c., we use a most classical phrase. It is the *Merum* of the Romans, frequently translated *Wine*; and, indeed, that is what it means. But *Merum* never meant *Wine* originally, nor anything of the kind. It meant *Entire*; that is, sincere, genuine, unmixed. In the same way the Greeks called wine *Asparos*, that is, unmixed.—*Talbot's English Etymologies.*

Miscellany.

PARIS AND ITS CITADELS.—According to an official return, when the whole of the citadels and fortifications round Paris are completed, the following will be the number of troops that will occupy that capital and its vicinity in the course of the present year: Mont Valerian, 3,000 men, of which two companies are engineers and one company of foot artillery. 2. Charenton, 2,500 men, one regiment of artillery and one company of engineers. 3. Tury, 1,500 men, two companies of artillery and engineers. 4. Romainville, 2,000 men, two companies of engineers. 5. Bicetre, 1,200 men, one company of engineers. 6. Montrouge, 1,000 men. 7. Vauves, 900 men, of which one company are engineers. 8. The four forts of La Double Couronne, St. Denis, de la Breche, and Stains, 3,200 men, one company of artillery. 9. Fort de l'Est, 800 men. 10. Fort d'Aubervilliers-les-vetus, 1,100 men, one company of engineers. 11. Fort de Noisy, 1,300. 12. De Rosny, 1,000 men. 13. De Nogent, 1,500 men, one company of engineers. 14. Citadelle de Vincennes, 3,200 men, of which four batteries are artillery and two companies engineers. The Parisian citadels and forts will occupy in time of peace an army of 24,500 men, which, with the garrison of Paris, will form an effective force of 60,000 men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery; and 1,262 cannons, 80-pounders, mortars, &c. The above force is exclusive of the National Guards. The population of Paris and the faubourgs is upwards of 980,000 inhabitants, besides 70,000 foreigners, of whom the English residents are above 25,000.

NEWS FOR THE GEOLOGISTS.—The Journal des Débats publishes the following letter, dated Odessa, the 4th ult.:—"The Counsellor of State, Erdmann, professor of geology at the Imperial University of Dorpat, who at this moment is travelling in the south of Russia, has discovered in a property situated to the north of Odessa several skeletons of fossil animals of enormous dimensions. The skeletons are eighty-three in number, viz. six elephants, one rhinoceros, two oxen, four stags, one antelope, sixty-one bears, two hyenas, two dogs, three cats, and a ruminating animal, species unknown. Those skeletons, together with the bones, were found

under a thick layer of calcareous earth. The discovery made by M. Erdmann is the more remarkable, as hitherto there never has been any remains of the antediluvian animal reign discovered in Russia."

TALIACOTIUS OUTDOONE.—The Birmingham Journal relates that recently a fight took place between some workmen who were drinking in a public-house at Bilston, and one of them had his nose bitten off. He was taken immediately to a surgeon, and the wounded parts were dressed to the satisfaction of all present. The sufferer, however, on returning home, began to reflect on the unpicturesque effect which a countenance bereft of the nasal appendage would produce. On a consultation with his friends, the idea occurred to them that possibly the lopped feature might be restored to its original post of honor. Accordingly they returned to the scene of action, after searching for nearly an hour, they at length discovered the object of their desire lying in a dark corner of the room, begrimed with dirt. Having secured their prize, they set off to a surgeon of the town, to whom they stated the case, and who very carefully united the parts together, and in a manner which completely restored the main element of facial beauty to its former shape and position; and a happy union of parts having ensued, the young man appears little the worse for his singular misfortune.

DRAINAGE OF HAARLEM LAKE.—We learn from a source on which we can rely, that the drainage of Haarlem Lake, in Holland, progresses satisfactorily; and that other engines, with improvements, are now constructing in Cornwall to hasten the completion of that great work. When finished, it is understood, the sewage of all the cities and great towns bordering on the lake will, by the same engines, be conveyed to and over the surface of the bed of the lake to irrigate it; so that, in all human probability, fifty-six thousand acres now covered with water, and the waste land adjoining, will, within the next seven years, be furnishing corn and cattle to the Dutch and London markets—the result of science combined with practice. We learn, also, that the same parties who are engaged in this magnificent undertaking are in communication with the Egyptian government on the subject of employing similar engines to irrigate districts above the ordinary rise of the Nile, for the purpose of growing cotton, flax, &c.—*Mark Lane Express.*

MATRIMONY AND MEAL.—"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove," so sings the Scottish bard; but among his own canny people it appears that love itself is sometimes ruled by the quotations of the corn market. A local paper relates that a buxom country girl in Ayrshire left her place last Whitsun term, with the merciful determination of putting a matrimonial period to the doubts and sighs of her stalwart swain; but, having the bump of caution large, she read of high markets, and sagely pondered thereon; and, ultimately, she last week arrived at the dwelling of a civic functionary, in whom she placed implicit reliance, and requested, as a most particular favor, that he would give her his advice. The question she put was, whether markets were likely to rise or fall? "For," added she, in a whisper, "Alick and me intendit to gang thegither at this time, but I canna mak up my mind to't wi' the meal at 2s. 3d. a peck. Alick, I see, wad risk it at twa shillings; but faith I'll no try't aboon aughteen pence."

PRIDE.—"It is universally admitted that the first draughts of knowledge are apt to intoxicate the soul. A deeper acquaintance with the mysteries around him may indeed tend to humble any man, by fixing his eyes on his own absolute lack of knowledge, rather than on his relative superiority. But as he first emerges from the mere level, it is rather with those below him than with the heights which soar far above that

he is disposed to contrast his standing-place: and so the lowest eminence may swell easily into a mountain, and the half-learned man may be fearfully elated with an amount of knowledge which would seem to one above him to be nothing but a marvellous ignorance. It is indeed a true testimony to man's shameful fall that 'knowledge puffeth up.'"—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.—The Society for improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes have opened a model lodging-house in Charles street, Drury Lane. It provides for the accommodation of single laboring men in a way that must be an immense improvement upon the dens in which so many congregate nightly about St. Giles's and elsewhere. Each inmate here, by paying 4d. per night, or 2s. a week, is provided with separate bed, the means of washing (including a bath, towel, soap, &c.), a fire to cook his food at, and a room to sit in during the evening or any unemployed hours. He will also, we believe, as soon as one can be established, have the use of a small library.—*English Paper.*

The correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, writing from Brussels, announces as follows:—"The Rev. Father Maces, Professor of Natural History in the College of La Paix, at Nemours, has just made a discovery of great scientific importance. Guided by his theory of electricity, the first intimation of which is found in a notice printed in the bulletins of the Royal Academy, No. 5, he has, it is asserted, succeeded in transforming the solar light into electricity. His apparatus, which is extremely simple, spoke several times under the influence of the light, and remained mute without that influence—all the other circumstances remaining the same. Even when one witnesses the phenomenon, one scarcely ventures to trust one's own eyes:—yet the indications of electricity are evident."

The French papers mention a singular and unfortunate accident which has befallen a valuable collection of works of the ancient masters—including those of Rubens, Albert Durer, Holbein, and Raphael—the property of M. Demidoff. The steamboat in which the cases were embarked for removal to Italy was upset between Châlons and Mâcon; and forty-eight hours elapsed ere they could be recovered from the river. They have suffered grievous injury—but are said not to be beyond the reach of complete repair.

There have been great doings at Breslau for the inauguration of the equestrian statue of Frederic the Great, in presence of the King and Prince Royal of Prussia. The group is the work of the celebrated Berlin sculptor Kiss—and stands in the Cathedral square. Among those present at the ceremonial was an aged soldier who had served in the armies of the great King—as it has been agreed to call him—and had furnished up for the occasion his old Prussian uniform of the Seven Years' War.

Recent Publications.

Louis XIV. ; or, the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century. By Miss Pardoe. Part III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

THE inaptitude and timidity of Gaston Duke of Orleans, in the contest between his partizans and the court army, continues during the remainder of the war, and upon his energetic daughter again devolves the whole responsibility of sustaining their cause. She appears fearlessly among the populace, and at the most critical juncture gives a personal interview to M. de Condé, during his temporary absence from the scene of battle, and at length points the cannon of the Bastille upon the army of the royal fugitives. The badge of her faction was, at this period, a whisp of straw worn as cockades by the men, and as shoulder-knots by the women.

Meantime, duels and intrigues are not for a moment suspended. Mazarin is compelled to resign and retire, the king returns to Paris, whereupon Gaston goes into voluntary exile, and turns a cold shoulder upon his brave daughter. The Prince de Condé and the Duke de Lorraine continue their military operations in the provinces. Once more is Mademoiselle disappointed in a projected marriage. The mob greeted the return of the King with the same acclamation which they had bestowed on the advent of De Condé, on the flight of Mazarin and his re-appearance with the young monarch, and on Mademoiselle when she turned the cannon of the Bastille against their legitimate sovereign. The fickleness of popular feeling could go no further. While the authority of Louis was thus gradually re-established in Paris, his own character rapidly developed. He began to assert himself vigorously; defied, for the first time, the queen mother—confronted and rebuked his parliament—whip in hand in a hunting costume; and after several fanciful galanteries, originating in vanity, began earnestly to recognise the intellectual power and devoted affection of Mary Mancini, the gifted niece of Cardinal Mazarin. De Retz was imprisoned, and with this event terminated the second war of the Fronde. The history of the childhood of Madame Scarron forms an interesting episode at this period. It is as remarkable as the subsequent events of her extraordinary life. Immediately after her sudden marriage with the infirm but witty poet, she became the favorite of Ninon d'Enclos, and Madame De Sévigné, of whom Miss Pardoe naively says that, the one admired her for her reputation, and the other for her genius. The escape of De Retz, the subtle demeanor of Olympia Mancini, and the scenes of her nuptials, the visit of the Amazonian Queen Christina of Sweden, to the court, and the noble efforts of Mary de Mancini to imbue her king-lover with higher tastes, and arouse his dormant powers, are among the impressive circumstances which enliven this portion of the narrative. The success of Molière, which now commenced, forms a significant indication of the awakening interest in the drama and literature. A dangerous illness befell the King, which developed all the latent selfishness of courtier life. Even her Queen's fear of infection triumphed over her maternal love. The Cardinal prepared himself for flight, and only the devoted girl, whose attachment we have noticed, yielded her sincere sympathies at this conjuncture. But Louis recovered—the old machinations were resumed—the Duke of Beaufort submitted himself to royal authority, and the Count journeyed to Lyons with a view to an alliance between the King and Marguerite of Savoy. This was thwarted by the arrival of a Spanish envoy, who proposed the hand of the Infanta, and the former negotiation was abruptly concluded. Thus closes the third part of these entertaining annals. Three more parts will complete the work. Of the commendable execution of the volumes we have already spoken; and their historical interest increases as they progress.

A French Grammar; containing all the rules of the language upon a new and improved plan; Speaking Exercises, for the illustration of the rules and idioms of the French language; A Self-Teaching Reader, for the study of the pronunciation of the French language. By Count de Laporte. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1847.

THESE three books—the mechanical execution of which is quite superior—form together very intelligible manuals, whereby the student can acquire the art of reading, speaking, and writing the French language with or without the assistance of a teacher. The author is a well accredited instructor, having for some time past been an instructor in Harvard University. The fact that they are all second editions is a guarantee of their merit, being published in a quarter of the country where school books are

tested by a more thorough scrutiny than is usually bestowed upon them elsewhere. The peculiar advantage of the grammar consists in the plan adopted for the conjugation of the verbs, since, as the introduction states, "instead of loading the memory with the innumerable quantity of words which compose the great family of this part of speech, in its several moods, tenses, and persons, it will only be necessary to remember the five primitive tenses." The Reader is founded on the principle of mnemonics, which consists in comparing a fact which we wish to remember with another already present to the mind. The Speaking Exercises, instead of being extracts from classical writers (a method useful in its way, and admirably illustrated by the modern French Reader, published by D. Appleton & Co., and noticed in a late number of the *Literary World*), is made up of colloquial phrases, of immediate utility, and better fitted to exemplify the idiomatical construction. These and other merits of Count Laporte's system are the result of considerable practical experience; and are more lucidly given than is usually the case where a foreigner explains himself through the medium of our vernacular. The series is eminently worthy the attention both of professed teachers and those who desire to acquire French by their own exertions.

Miscellanies; embracing Reviews, Essays, and Addresses. By the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D. and LL.D. New York: Robert Carter. 1847.

This Pamphlet, of one hundred and sixteen pages, is the first of a series intended to include in four parts some of the literary remains of Dr. Chalmers. The present number consists altogether of sermons delivered on charitable occasions. We presume the future numbers will be more literary in main character, and present some of the author's contributions to the leading periodicals. We do not find the rhetorical fire of the astronomical discourses in some pages; many abound, however, in vigorous and clear argument.

The Good Genius that turned everything into Gold; or, the Queen Bee of the Magic Dress: A Christmas Fairy Tale. By the Brothers Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

In a recent number we alluded to a new and beautiful series of juvenile books commenced by Harper & Brothers, under the title of "The Fireside Library." They have all the appearance of the first class of London works in the same department—being printed with large, clear type, and bound in illuminated covers, and with gilt edges. Another number has appeared since our notice. It is an imaginative story, fitted to win and impress the imagination of childhood, and at the same time afford a useful moral lesson. As guides to taste as well as conduct, these elegant little volumes are worthy of the attention of parents and teachers. They are such a decided improvement upon similar books, that we cannot do otherwise than praise their appearance, and commend them to general favor.

Publishers' Circular.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following are some of the new works of importance in press in London:

"The Autobiography and Journals of the late B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter," arranged, edited, and continued by Mrs. Haydon.

"Southey's Common Place Book," consisting of choice passages from works in every department of literature; analytical readings, being critical analyses, with interesting extracts, special collections in various branches of historical and literary research, and original memoranda, literary and miscellaneous, collected by Mr. Southey in the whole course of his personal literary career.

"Modern State Trials," reviewed and illustrated by William Charles Townsend, Esq., A.M., Recorder of Macclesfield, author of "Lives of Twelve eminent Judges of the Last and of the Present Century." Given in a condensed form.

"The Illustrated Companion to the Latin Dictionary," being a Dictionary of all the words representing visible Objects connected with the Arts, Sciences, and every day Life of the Ancients. Illustrated by nearly 2000 wood cuts from the antique. By Anthony Rich, Jr., B.A., late of Caius College, Cambridge; and one of the contributors to Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, in one volume, post 8vo.

"The Treasury of Natural History; or, a Popular Dictionary of Animated Nature," in which the Zoological Characteristics that distinguish the different classes, genera, and species will be found, combined with a variety of interesting information illustrative of the habits, instincts, and general economy of the animal kingdom. The whole embellished with eight hundred accurate engravings on wood, expressly designed for this work. By Samuel Maunders, author of "The Treasury of Knowledge," &c. Mr. Maunders has also in state of forwardness, "The Treasury of Geography."

"Principles of Scientific Botany," by M. J. Schleiden, professor of Botany at Jena. Translated by E. Lankester, M.D., F.L.S., 8vo. with numerous wood engravings.

"Lectures on the Physical Phenomena of Living Beings," delivered in the university of Pisa, by C. Matteucci. Translated under the superintendence of John Pereira, M.D., F.R.S. 12mo.

"The Unknown Countries of the East;" by Aaron H. Palmer, Esq., which Wiley and Putnam have in press, will form a large 8vo. vol., and will embrace brief descriptions of the present state, productions, commerce, religions, languages, &c., of the following countries drawn from the latest and most authentic sources:

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